MAIN LIBRARY
CIRCULATING
4TH. FLOOR
SEP 26 '24

THEATRE MAGAZINE

OCTOBER
1924

35
cents

London Plays to Thrill Broadway

PRECISION

Everyone admires the dignity of the Lincoln's outward beauty, but only those of advanced technical understanding fully appreciate the marvel of its mechanical perfection

LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY
Division of
Ford Motor Company

LINCOLN

Guests have learned to expect so much—

IN THE DRAWING ROOMS of New York and other metropolitan centers guests have learned to expect great music played by famous artists. Today, all over America, enraptured listeners hear those same artists play through the Ampico.

The Ampico places boundless resources at the modern host's command. For in the Ampico are combined a beautiful piano, a miraculous device that transports great artists to your drawing room, and an inexhaustible store of music.

At the turn of a lever your Ampico will spring into life under the touch of Rachmaninoff, of Rosenthal—or of any one of hundreds of world-famous pianists. The great man will be playing for you as truly as if he were there before your eyes. An Ampico recording of an artist's playing differs from his concert playing only in the fact that the artist is not visibly, physically present. Here is a modern miracle that is past belief—until you have heard the Ampico!

Perhaps your guests may include an accomplished pianist, who will consent to play for you. The moment his fingers touch the keyboard he will feel a keen delight in the piano's action, in its tone. For the Ampico is, first of all, a fine piano, intact for playing by hand. No detail of its construction is altered. When the ingenious device within the piano case is not in use it does not touch the strings or even the keys.

A few of the hundreds of famous artists the Ampico brings to you

TERESA CARREÑO
GEORGE COPELAND
ERNO DOHNÁNYI
ETHEL LEGINSKA
MISCHA LEVITZKI
JOSEF LHÉVINNE
SERGEI RACHMANINOFF
MORIZ ROSENTHAL
ARTHUR RUBINSTEIN
GERMAINE SCHNITZER
E. ROBERT SCHMITZ
FANNY BLOOMFIELD ZEISLER

The Ampico may be had only in pianos bearing these names of enviable fame—names which for generations have stood for instruments of quality: Knabe; Chickering; Fischer; Marshall & Wendell; Haines Bros.; Franklin; and, in Canada, the Willis also. Note that the Knabe and the Chickering are two of the four great pianos in general use on the American concert stage.

Exchange your piano for an Ampico

Your present piano will entitle you to an allowance in buying an Ampico. The dealer will also be glad to arrange convenient terms of payment that will make it possible for you to secure an Ampico without any delay. Foot power models, $795. Electric models, uprights $985 to $1800, grands $1975 to $5000—with freight added.

Hear the Ampico!

If you have not yet heard the Ampico, you must do so at your first opportunity. Any dealer who sells any of the pianos mentioned above will be glad to have you hear the Ampico at his store.

If you are not near a store where the Ampico is sold, or if you want to know more about the Ampico before hearing it, write to the address below. You will receive a booklet descriptive of the Ampico and information as to where you may hear it.

The AMPICO

THE AMPICO COMPANY · 437 FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

THEATRE MAGAZINE is published on the fifteenth of each month by Theatre Magazine Company, 2 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. SUBSCRIPTIONS $4.00 a year in advance. Yearly indexes 25c. Entered as second-class matter, August 3, 1917, at the Post Office, N. Y.; additional entry at the Post Office, Jamaica, N. Y., January 8, 1924; under the act of March 8, 1879.

Helen Hayes, the bright particular flappper in "Dancing Mothers," wears a chiffon dance frock designed and made by Bergdorf-Goodman.

BERGDORF GOODMAN
616 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

Luxury Cruise to the Mediterranean

PALESTINE — EGYPT

A pleasure cruise exceeding every expectation—
Luxurious comfort, perfect service, enjoyable entertainment, on board the "Rotterdam."
Scenic splendor, strange and thrilling sights in interesting Old World lands.

By the famous "ROTTERDAM" (4th Cruise)
Leaving New York, February 4, 1925
Under the HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE's own management

The "ROTTERDAM"
24,170 tons register, 37,190 tons displacement
Has a world-wide reputation for the magnificence and comfort of her appointments, the surpassing excellence of her cuisine and the high standards of service and management on board.

Sixty-Six Days of Delightful Diversion
ITINERARY includes **Madeira, Lisbon, Cadiz, Seville, Gibraltar, Algiers, Tunis, Athens, Constantinople,** the **Holy Land** and **Egypt, Italy** and the **Riviera.**
Carefully planned Shore Excursions. Stopover in Europe.
Cruise limited to 550 guests
American Express Co. Agents in charge of Shore Excursions
Illustrated Folder "P" on request

For choice selection of accommodations make reservations NOW

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE
21-24 State Street, New York
Boston Philadelphia Pittsburgh Chicago Minneapolis
St. Louis Detroit Atlanta, Ga. Seattle New Orleans
San Francisco Mexico City Montreal
Or any authorized Steamship Agent

ELYSEE
1 EAST 56TH ST

THE IDEAL RESTAURANT

MAX A. HAERING PRES.
C.E. FRANCATELLI TREAS.
TEL. PLAZA 0191-0192-0865

How to see Europe at Low Cost

A TRIP to Europe need not be expensive. Thousands of people of very moderate means make a European trip each year. They know the time and the way to go.

Now their knowleage may be yours. All you need to do is to send the coupon below for the new booklet "Economy Trips to Europe." In this booklet are actual tours showing exactly how you can make each dollar buy the most. For instance, on a six weeks trip it shows how you may visit four European countries and travel both ways on the palatial "one class" ships of the United States Lines for only $525. There are other trips with accommodations to suit every purse. Sailings every few days to Plymouth, Southampton, Cherbourg and Bremen with frequent calls at Cobh (Queenstown).

United States Lines

45 Broadway **New York City**

Agencies in principal cities

Managing Operators for

UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD

Send for Free Booklet

Everyone who has ever dreamed of a trip to Europe should write for this booklet. Send the coupon for your copy now.

To U. S. Shipping Board
Infor. Section 1087 Washington, D.C.

Please send me the booklet "Economy Trips to Europe."

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Red Funnels and the Sahara

THE giant French Liners slip out of New York—red funnels with black tops, cuisine like Paris itself, patronage like a great club.... Six days, and you're in France.

But France isn't all of France. There's a land in North Africa twice as big, where winter is as summer, and all the year round is like peering into the Arabian Nights. Twenty-six hours from Europe....and....

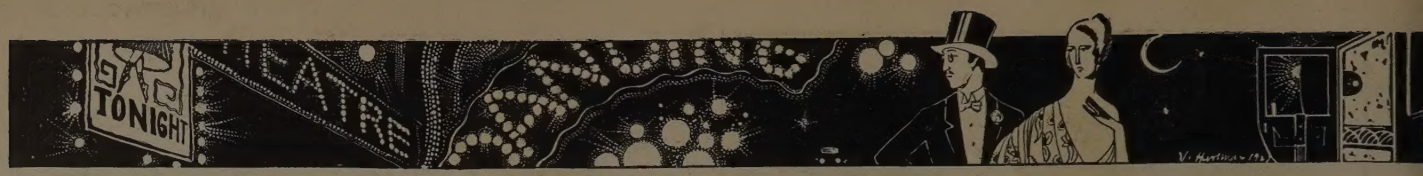
Tunisia, Algeria, Morocco—color, magic! Floods of sunshine on white and blue Salé, crouched above the sea where roamed the pirates of old. Sunshine on strange, red Marrakesh, clinging to the green skirts of the white-peaked Atlas Mountains. Sunshine in everlasting waves, beating on the sand ocean which turns the whole heart of Africa into silence. Sunshine on every lovely, lost oasis where the date palms wave.

Over 2000 miles of white, macadam motor roads from Tunis to Casablanca, winding past cities where you can shop to your heart's content—Tunisian pottery in green or red, rugs of Kairouan, yellow slippers and golden bags, scarlet jars and silks that were made for the veiled beauty with her little helpless henna-tinted hands.... Twenty-four excellent hotels under French Line management.

You wonder when the magic starts? How long it lasts? Where it goes? How much it costs?... Less than you'd think, really! Write for information. The time for a trip is here!

French Line

Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, 19 State Street, New York
Offices and Agencies in Principal Cities of Europe and the United States.



My Personal Assurance

TO make your *home* in the McAlpin when in New York, instead of making the McAlpin your *hotel,* is my personal aim—and the desire of every member of the McAlpin staff.

To those who appreciate the comfort of a home with the convenience of a hotel, the names Arthur L. Lee and Hotel McAlpin are synonymous.

To make your stay a pleasant one, exceptionally entertaining without being excessively expensive—establishing with you the interest of a host with his guest rather than a manager with his patron—that is our creed in promise and our deed in practice.

ARTHUR L. LEE
Managing Director

HOTEL
McALPIN
BROADWAY at 34th STREET

CAPITOL BROADWAY at 51st Street
World's Largest and Foremost Motion Picture Theatre
EDWARD BOWES, Managing Director
DELUXE MOTION PICTURE ENTERTAINMENT
CAPITOL BALLET CORPS
Mlle. Gambarelli, Ballerina
CAPITOL GRAND ORCHESTRA
Presentations by ROTHAFEL

Paramount Pictures
The RIVOLI Broadway at 49th St.
Rivoli Concert Orchestra
The RIALTO Broadway at 42nd St.
Famous Rialto Orchestra
The Best in Photoplays And the Best in Music
HUGO RIESENFELD, *Managing Director*

THE PLAY GUIDE

The Play Guide of Theatre Magazine is a guide for young and old, to America's greatest amusement centre, New York City. Lest you lose yourself in the maze of good, bad and indifferent in this vast playground the Theatre Magazine offers you the clue of The Play Guide. Mark its sign-posts well! They will avoid your suffering boredom.

THOUGH opened in the late spring, still the last word in restaurants is the Lido-Venice on East Fifty-third Street. The idea of it was conceived and carried out by Captain Guardabassi, artist, soldier, society favorite, with the co-operation of men and women prominent in the social world, who are stockholders, help to manage and patronize it. More than that, they contributed to its artistic interior, Elsie de Wolfe and Mrs. R. T. Wilson having arranged and carried out certain of the interior decorations and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney lending one of the most interesting examples of her work, a statue which fills a niche in the entrance hall. In a smaller way others have made contributions of receipts of their pet dishes, to which a marvelously skilled chef does ample justice. All the food is reputed to be of a like marvelous quality. If society pays rather a price for it, they can rest assured that as stockholders there will be returns coming to them. As for the others, that is their look-out. One must pay for such real elegance and luxury as the Lido-Venice affords.

HANDSOME IS AND DOES

IT is really an extraordinarily beautiful place, this restaurant, especially the main dining-room, which one enters through gilded iron gates that shut off the foyer. The room is painted green, with frescoes representing Venice of the eighteenth century by Pierretto Bianco covering the side walls. At the far end is a representation of the lagoon at Venice, with gondolas seeming lazily afloat on a water whose realistic rippling is contrived by a clever lighting device.

With the vogue among smart people of the original Italian watering-place to give cachet to this American symbol of it, the Lido-Venice is proving one of the most fashionable and popular restaurants in town.

Yesterday we were shown over the new Shelton Hotel at Lexington and Forty-ninth Street, a hotel built for men on club lines. Do not shy away, ladies; this may concern you, too. For The Shelton is the first hotel for men taking women into consideration with a large and generous gesture. We don't mean to say that you may stay in the hotel. But you may have the freedom of the city on the first two floors. The first or ground floor is really only concerned with the lobby, the desk, the elevators. On the second floor, however, there are beautiful reception and reading rooms stretching across the whole front of the hotel, where you are welcome.

MALE AND FEMALE

BACK of these rooms is a large dining-room where again you are free to lunch or dine, escorted or not, as you please, and a really thrilling grill with a distinct London atmosphere where you may be brought, or go, for a hot snack after the theatre. Both of these are open to the public. The grill particularly pleased us. It is a highly colorful dining-room, with a fireplace and Tuscan tile floor, the tables radiating from a large open grill at one side, where French chefs display their skill. Added to this the management is thinking seriously of permitting women to be taken for tea to what is known as the Breakfast Room, on the sixteenth floor, which has an outside roof. Perhaps, too, to the Roof Garden on the same floor. High up as these are among the breezes, they command a superb view of the city, possessing at the same time a certain intimate atmosphere that would make them delightful havens on a hot afternoon or evening.

That for the ladies, then!

Coming down to business . . for the present all the rest of the hotel above the second floor is for men only.

On the third floor are to be found billiard and card rooms, writing rooms, a fine library with hundreds of volumes of real literature. Above that the bedrooms stretch uninterruptedly to the sixteenth floor and then go on again at the seventeenth, until they reach the toppest of all, the thirty-second story, which is laid out with a remarkable gymnasium, squash courts, dressing-rooms and showers. In the basement is probably the most beautiful swimming pool in the city, speaking practically and æsthetically, to which special elevators run direct from 7 to 9 in the morning.

With all these luxurious accommodations, The Shelton is a moderate-priced hotel, $3 a day upward being the rate for transients, and $70 to $250 that by the month.

ANNE ARCHBALD.

There's an Art in Alamac
Service, Comfort,
Innovations and Food.
An Alamac suite rentable by day or year is an ideal home with its attractive furnishings and bath, shower and servidor.

Latz Ownership—Management
The Alamac
Broadway and 71st Street
Telephone Endicott 5000

Are You Coming To New York?

If you contemplate a trip to the Metropolis, write for a copy of THE PLAY GUIDE, so you may plan your theatregoing before you reach New York.

THE PLAY GUIDE caters to your every mood. It directs you to the kind of play you ought to see. It tells you where all the interesting people go afterwards. In short, it makes of you that unique human, male or female, "the person who knows the right thing."

When planning a trip to New York, write for a copy of the latest PLAY GUIDE, enclosing 4c for mailing. If you live in New York you will find it equally valuable for quick reference to all the plays on Broadway.

Address: The Play Guide, THEATRE MAGAZINE, 2 West 45th St., New York.

Entrancing Chapeaux:

Importations, Authentic Reproductions, Original Creations

(Second Floor)

B. Altman & Co.

Fifth Avenue *Thirty-fourth Street* — *New York* — *Madison Avenue* *Thirty-fifth Street*

LES POUDRES DE LENTHERIC

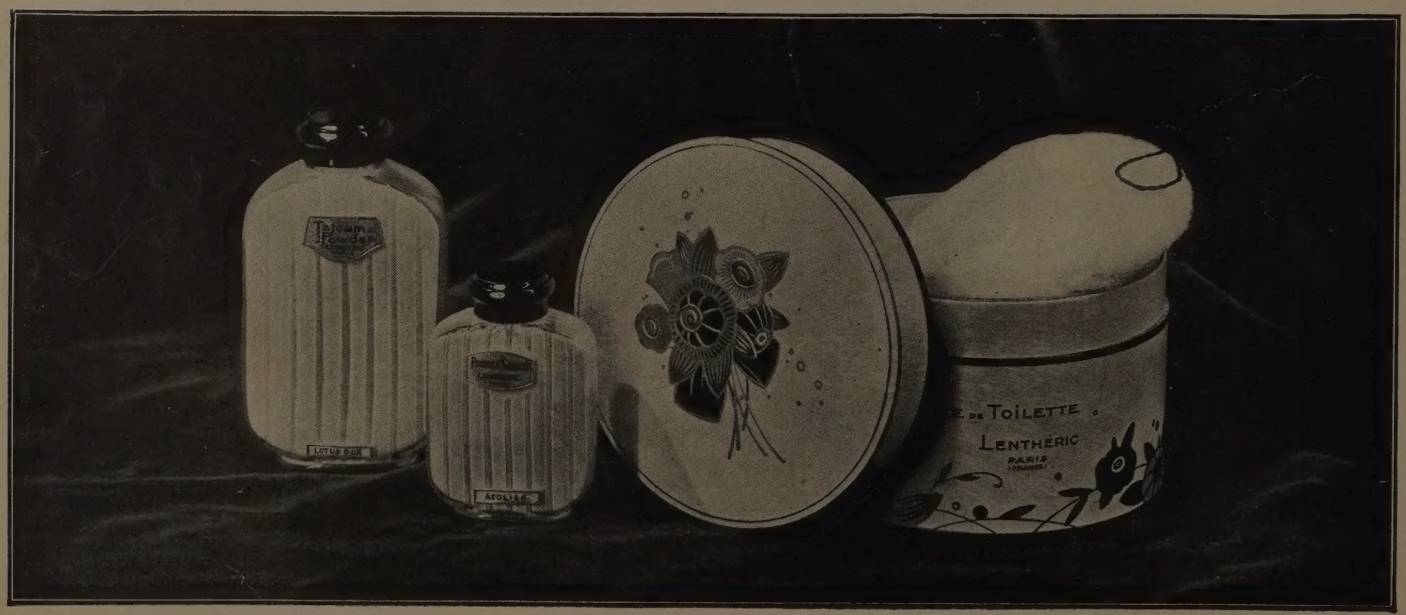
In his powders, Lenthéric of Paris has truly captured the subtle charm of his inimitable perfumes.

Whether your choice is for Miracle, Lotus d'Or, Aeolian, Ambre Mousse, Coeur de Paris, La Dame en Noir, La Feria or Atyche you can have each powder you use harmoniously fragrant and in the shade best adapted to your complexion.

Face Powder, Talcum, Toilet Powder, Sachet—each as delicately soft, fine and pure as the dean of French perfumers knows how to make it.

LENTHÉRIC, Inc.
389 Fifth Avenue New York City
The American Depot of Lenthéric, 245, Rue St. Honore—Paris

Our unprecedented and unrivalled "CITIANE" Cream is the only completely successful preparation for the enhancement and preservation of the beauty of the skin. Having adopted it, you will be grateful for the suggestion.



The Straus Dancers—a graceful grouping by Goldberg

CONTENTS for OCTOBER, 1924

SPECIAL ARTICLES

London Plays to Thrill Broadway.....*Arthur Hornblow* 9
The Men Who Write the Hits—No. 3, Hatcher Hughes, *Carol Bird* 10
Motor Theatre Brings Good Drama to the Farm, *Paul Lewinson* 12
Say Something Nice About Me, Old Chap.....*Carlton Miles* 20
A Stage Vamp on Women.....*Judith Anderson* 22
Two for To-night.....*Nat N. Dorfman* 24

SPECIAL FEATURES

Editorial..... 7
Mirrors of Stageland..... 18
Cobra (Condensation)..... 26
Heard on Broadway..... 39
The Amateur's Green Room..... 42
The Promenades of Angelina..... 49

ART FEATURES

Cover Design.....*Webster Murray*
Our Broadway Producers: No. 8, Mr. William Harris, *John Decker* 11
The Critic and the Actor.....*Wynn* 20
The Cloth of Gold.....*Maurice Goldberg* 38

REVIEWS

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play..... 15
Cinema.....*Aileen St. John-Brenon* 30
Music.....*Grenville Vernon* 34
Vaudeville.....*Bland Johaneson* 36

THE NEW PLAYS

The Green Beetle..... 14
Dancing Mothers..... 17
The Best People..... 25

FULL PAGE PORTRAITS

Ledova.....*Maurice Goldberg* 5
Omura.....*Amemiya* 6
Joe Cook.....*Morton Harvey* 8
Helen Ford.....*Alfred Cheney Johnston* 11
Gertrude Lawrence.....*Maurice Goldberg* 19
Adolf Bolm.....*Maurice Goldberg* 23
Anne Carpenger.....*Maurice Goldberg* 29

PICTORIAL FEATURES

Loveliness in the *George White Scandals*, *Alfred Cheney Johnston* 21
The New Greenwich Village Follies.....*Herman Rosse* 27
Lillian Gish and Ronald Colman in *Romola*..... 31
In the Passing Show..... 33
Opera Ascends Its Throne..... 35
An Art of Infinite Variety..... 37

DEPARTMENTS

Amateur Stage, The.....*M. E. Kehoe* 40
Fashions..... 49
Vanity Box, The..... 60

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE: You are a radio fan, of course. Then you'll like to know how plays are broadcasted. See our next number for a most interesting article on this subject. ✠ Is the nude beautiful or ugly? Who is right, the artist who exalts it or the Puritan who condemns it? Read what Ted Shawn, the well-known æsthetic dancer, has to say in the November THEATRE. ✠ Gémier, the famous French actor, is coming to America for the first time. Read all about this celebrated artist who will astonish New York. ✠ Who do you suppose is the most hated man on Broadway? A critic, naturally, but who? The November THEATRE will enlighten you. ✠ These are only a few of the features in a splendid November issue. The usual exquisite pictures and up-to-date departments.

F. E. ALLARDT, Director of Circulation

The publishers cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts or drawings. If postage is enclosed, an effort will be made to return unavailable material promptly, but in no case are the publishers liable for damage or loss.

LOUIS MEYER, PAUL MEYER } Publishers

Published monthly by the Theatre Magazine Company, 2 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Louis Meyer, President and Treasurer; Paul Meyer, Vice-President; Henry Stern, Secretary. Single copies are thirty-five cents; four dollars by the year. Foreign countries, add 50c. for mail; Canada, add 50c. Title THEATRE MAGAZINE, registered U. S. Patent Office.

Consider these Victrola features

What records will you use? The Victor catalogs list the great numbers from the musical repertoire of the world.

What assurance have you of lasting satisfaction? The assurance that only the highest quality could have established the Victrola as the standard by which all talking-machines are judged.

What about cost? The unequalled Victor plant — the largest and most modern in the music industry—is devoted entirely to Victor products, assuring you the utmost value for the price of any Victrola style.

© Underwood & Underwood

ALDA
Victor Artist

The amazing versatility of Frances Alda's soprano is one of the most conspicuous of the many gifts bestowed upon her by nature in a prodigal mood. When Alda sings in opera or ballad, there is an intensity of temperament, a thrilling quality that grips the imagination —equally when you hear Alda or any of her many Victor Records, of which these are a few:

		Double-faced
The Bells of St. Mary's If Winter Comes	525	$1.50
By the Waters of Minnetonka Deep River	527	1.50
Bohême—Mi chiamano Mimi Carmen—Micaela's Aria	6038	2.00

Victrola No. 80
$100
Mahogany, oak or walnut

© Kubey-Rembrandt

STOKOWSKI
Victor Artist

Leopold Stokowski has brought the playing of the Philadelphia Orchestra to an almost unparalleled degree of perfection—a hundred minds, each one a chosen intellect, in instantaneous response to his own. That so great an achievement can be adequately perpetuated by any process of recording is in itself a triumph of science and of art, in proof of which we recommend the following records:

		Double-faced
Carmen—Prelude to Act 1 March of the Caucasian Chief	796	$1.50
Blue Danube Waltz Invitation to the Waltz	6237	2.00
Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2 Largo from "New World" Symphony	6236	2.00

Victrola No. 215
$150
Mahogany, oak or walnut

RUFFO
Victor Artist

Listen to the ringing quality of Ruffo's voice on a Victor Record and you will smile with us over the dictum of his first teachers, who after two years of instruction declared his vocal equipment inadequate for operatic work! How thoroughly the famous baritone has negatived their conclusions, his world successes and these few selections from his complete Victor list show:

		Double-faced
Barbiere di Siviglia—Largo al factotum Rigoletto—Monologo—Pari siamo	6263	$2.00
Pagliacci—Prologo, Part I Pagliacci—Prologo, Part II	6268	2.00
Querida El Relicario	822	1.50

Victrola No. 230
Mahogany, $375; electric, $415
Walnut, $440; electric, $480

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
REG U S PAT OFF

There is but one Victrola and that is made by the Victor Company—look for these Victor trade marks

TRADE MARK
Victrola
REG U S PAT OFF

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N.J.

Victor Talking Machine Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal

THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XL. No. 283

OCTOBER, 1924

THE DRESDEN SHEPHERDESS

A Study of Ledova by Maurice Goldberg

© Amemiya

OMURA OF THE FLOWERY KINGDOM

The Early Autumn Will Bring Japan's Dainty and Adorable Dancing Star to Broadway

THEATRE MAGAZINE

ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Editor

Olla Podrida

Wanted: a Shakespeare Theatre

THE establishment of the Shakespeare Association of America ought to prove an event of far-reaching consequence in the English-speaking theatre; whether it will depends entirely on the direction given to its efforts. Such names as Walter Hampden, John Barrymore, Brander Matthews, Professor A. H. Thorndyke, Professor George P. Baker, James K. Hackett, Augustus Thomas and E. H. Sothern on its list of vice-presidents are at least indicative of practicality and common sense, and the announcement that it intends to extend its activities and membership into every city of the United States is a good omen of the power which it may be able to exert. It is further announced that it will issue a quarterly bulletin and will establish scholarships in Shakespearean research. It is added that it is hoped eventually to establish a Shakespeare Theatre.

This last ideal is by far the most important one, and it is unfortunate that the new organization should see fit to place it last. The world has enough Shakespearean research. A wit once said that the supreme proof of Shakespeare's greatness was the fact that he has survived his commentators. Even to-day the world has a hundred of these commentators and not a single Shakespeare Theatre. Such a theatre will be the real proof that the Shakespeare Association means more than lip service to its ideal. The home of Shakespeare was the stage, and that is as true to-day as it was in the time of Elizabeth. To-day Shakespeare has no home either in England or America, and if the new organization sets on foot a campaign in every city in the country to raise funds for such a home there is no reason why it should not succeed. Let the National Shakespeare Association begin at once its labors for such a home and let the commentators and the researchers take care of themselves.

Marie Corelli Bars the Player

THE will left by the famous English novelist, Marie Corelli, which bars all persons connected in any way with the stage from participating in the gift she bequeathed to the town of Stratford-on-Avon, certainly deserves to take its place among the curiosities of literature.

By the terms of the will, the late author's literary agent is empowered to deal with her copyrights and enjoined to "faithfully guard and hinder from sale or publication" her correspondence and other papers. Her heiress shall, if she considers it necessary, sell any original manuscripts at Sotheby's auction sales and put the money to whatever purpose she thinks fit. On the decease of the sole legatee, her house shall be made into a hotel for the convenience of distinguished persons visiting Stratford, "absolutely excluding actors, actresses and all persons connected with the stage."

Seeing that the immortal William himself was an actor before he became known as a dramatist and that many of the visitors of note to Stratford-on-Avon are either players themselves or persons in close touch with the stage, it is difficult to guess exactly what was in Miss Corelli's mind when she saddled her gift with so extraordinary a condition, which will hurt the novelist's memory more than it will hurt the player. There are other hostelries in Stratford where the pilgrim to the Shakespeare shrine will be welcome without question, but what stands out most conspicuously in this unique document is the implied slight, if not insult, to the memory of the gentle Will himself.

Pique, it is hinted, is really at the bottom of the matter. It is said in London that some years ago Miss Corelli wrote a play which she offered to a prominent actor-manager with the almost moral certainty that her vogue as a favorite novelist would insure its being produced. The manager, after a reading of the script, did not see how he was going to cover the expenses involved and so the play was politely returned with thanks. Miss Corelli never forgave what she considered a slight and from that day on the names of players and managers were anathema. It is not the first time that Marie Corelli has shown herself irritated. The critics formerly were the objects of her choler. Nor is it the first instance in which eccentricity has been found inseparable from talent.

Spare Us the Algonquin Comedian

IT is devoutly to be desired that this coming season we shall be spared the undignified spectacle of dramatic reviewers of important metropolitan daily newspapers posing as "actors" on the professional stage. Last Winter two of our leading dramatic critics so far forgot their professional dignity as to disport themselves before the footlights, from an entirely mistaken idea that the theatre-going public is interested in their unique personalities, apart from their gifted writings, and the exhibition, to be quite frank, was not an edifying one. The general impression of a critic in the public mind is a solemn, long-haired, be-spectacled old party sitting in his library, writing learned essays on the dramatic art with the aid of a dictionary and a Thesaurus. To suddenly see this respectable old party cavorting on the stage, doing a somersault between a clog dance and a tight-rope performer, is necessarily destructive of all illusions. Can one imagine the late William Winter or our respected contemporary, Mr. John Ranken Towse, being guilty of such professional indecorum? The old saw about the desirability of the shoemaker sticking to his last seems to us particularly applicable here. A commentator on the drama, if he wishes to retain the respect and confidence of his readers, should stick to his criticisms and remain aloof within the hallowed precincts of the editorial room, not encroach on a field foreign to his temperament and training and in which he can only appear ridiculous. Not only that, but is it not a little unfair to the actor whose place he takes and who is thus deprived of a job?

Morton Harvey

JOE COOK: SOLE STAR OF THE NEW "VANITIES"

Equipped With Fresh Material, the Inspired Comedian Approaches the Second and Crucial Season of His Sensationally Brilliant Career

London Plays to Thrill Broadway

"The Fake" and "Tiger Cats" the Most Promising of the Imported Drama

By ARTHUR HORNBLOW

OF London's newest plays which Broadway will certainly see early this coming season at least four are likely to enjoy substantial runs here. These are *The Fake,* a drama by Frederick Lonsdale, author of last year's success *Spring Cleaning,* which A. H. Woods is about to present in New York; *Tiger Cats,* an English version of the Danish tragi-comedy *Les Felines* which has been secured by David Belasco; *The Farmer's Wife,* a highly amusing comedy of English rural life by Eden Phillpotts which the Coburns are going to do here, and Luigi Chiarelli's *The Mask and the Face,* which set all London laughing and to be given here in a translation by Somerset Maugham, under the ægis of Gilbert Miller. These are the high lights of the London theatrical season.

A fifth play, *To Have the Honour,* by the popular A. A. Milne, proved disappointing. It received excellent press notices largely, I was told in London, because Sir Gerald Du Maurier (son of the author of "Trilby" and recently titled) plays the principal character—an English bounder masquerading as a foreign prince—the extraordinary reason being advanced that, in London critical circles, it is good form to praise everything Sir Gerald does. But I noticed that the audience at Wyndham's was politely apathetic, the little applause heard was quite perfunctory and at the final curtain the spectators departed in gloomy silence—all ominous signs. I understand that William Harris has an option on the piece for America, but it is doubtful if he'll be tempted to produce it here when he comes to read the script, even though Milne's name, owing to the success here of his other plays, *The Dover Road* and *The Truth About Blayds,* is one to conjure with on Broadway. The first act promises well, the dialogue is crisp and witty, quite in the delightful Milne manner, but in the second act the play goes all to pieces, the story becomes wildly incoherent and farcical, the last act degenerating into frank burlesque. It is almost incredible that an author of Milne's reputation could have put his name to such an amateurish, pointless piece of work.

QUITE different is *The Fake,* a strong play which shows the amusing and prolific Mr. Lonsdale in a new vein. Here is an old theme—the young wife beaten and brutalized by a dipsomaniac husband—handled in a new way. The piece is melodrama, but melodrama written in a clever, sprightly manner, with smart dialogue, good characterization and a light touch which relieves the tense if not painful situations. The interest is sustained up to the end, as it should be in all self-respecting plays. No reaching for one's hat before the last act is finished. You are glued to your seat until the final curtain.

Before this can appear in print the play may be already on view at the Hudson, but this is a bare outline of the story: Ernest Stanton, M. P., a wealthy and unscrupulous politician, to serve his own ambition, persuades his daughter Mavis to marry a man of title. Friends — particularly

ROBERT LORAINE,
a former great favorite with American theatregoers, who returns to Broadway this Fall to play the author-husband in Belasco's production of *Tiger Cats*

Geoffrey Sands, a lifelong friend of the daughter's—warn him that the Hon. Gerrard Pillick is a drunkard, a beast. The father wilfully shuts his eyes to the facts and Mavis is sacrificed, the act ending with the young married couple going away on their honeymoon. Act II shows the Hon. Gerrard's country home in Cornwall. Mavis is desperately unhappy. She confides to Geoffrey during a week-end party that her husband is not only a hopeless drunkard, but that he actually mistreats her. Her life is unbearable. She would leave him but for her father who, for political reasons, entreats her to give him another chance. Geoffrey, controlling himself only by an effort, asks Dr. Moorgate—also a guest—for his opinion as a medical man. Is there the slightest hope of such a case ever getting better? The doctor shakes his head. "No, he will gradually get worse. He might even kill some day in one of his drunken frenzies." Alarmed for the safety of Mavis, Geoffrey determines on drastic action. Before the beast has time to kill the woman he loves, he will kill him. The way in which the killing is done is novel and furnishes the thrill of the play. Geoffrey pretends to chum up with his host and proposes a little jaunt for a couple of weeks. He knows a place where fine whisky and pretty girls are to be found and promises a good time. The husband accepts willingly enough and the two men go off together—one the victim walking to his doom; the other the stern, relentless executioner.

THE next act shows the two in the parlor of a small inn. The Hon. Gerrard has been drinking heavily and incidentally making love to the waitress. She resents his maudlin advances and complains to Geoffrey, who suddenly sees in her a valuable ally. When Gerrard staggers in, he twits him about his flirtation with the girl and suggests that the next time she comes in, he tell the waitress he won't bother her any more, as he is tired of life and is about to do away with himself. Gerrard chuckles. Yes, that's a good joke. Geoffrey, to spur him on, bets him he won't tell her. The girl enters with more drinks and Gerrard informs her it is the last time she'll ever see him, as he is going to kill himself. She tosses her head with contempt and leaves the room. Grimly, Geoffrey now prepares for the execution. As Gerrard fills his glass with whisky he suddenly diverts his attention. When he turns his head, poison is quickly substituted. The doomed man drinks it and falls dead.

In the final scene we are back in Stanton's house in London. All are discussing the dead man. Of course, it was a clear case of suicide. There was no doubt possible. The waitress at the inn was the chief witness at the inquest. She stated under oath that the deceased declared his intention of doing away with himself. Left alone with Geoffrey, Mr. Stanton says he still does not understand why his son-in-law killed himself. Geoffrey says grimly: "He did not kill himself. I killed him." Stanton thinks he's crazy. "You killed him?" "Yes, before he killed your daughter!" "Do you realize you are a murderer?" thunders Stanton. "Yes," answers Geoffrey calmly. "I am a murderer and so are you for marrying your daughter to that man after you had been warned."

Stanton seizes the telephone to call the police, then puts it down. "Are you afraid?" sneers Geoffrey as he takes the phone, "I'll call the police." He gets Scotland Yard and says Mr. Stanton has something to say to the Inspector. Then he hands the transmitter over to Stanton who hesitates and, then speaking into the instrument, says calmly, "Oh, Inspector I merely wished to thank you for your courtesy the other day."

There are only two good acting parts

(*Continued on page* 62)

The Men Who Write the Hits

III: Hatcher Hughes, Author of the Pulitzer Prize Play, "Hell-Bent fer Heaven"

By CAROL BIRD

BROADWAY has not left its mark on Hatcher Hughes.

The author of *Hell-Bent fer Heaven,* the Pulitzer prize play, though a conspicuous figure in the world of the theatre, remains singularly aloof from it. This is not especially due to inclination. It is because his personality does not dovetail into the bright Broadway picture.

Hatcher Hughes is an instructor in playwriting at Columbia University. But this does not mean that he merges more fittingly into the scholastic atmosphere of the classroom. The author of the much-discussed vivid mountain play deviates from type. He is somewhat of an anomaly. You cannot rubber-stamp and card-index him. As soon as you are ready to put him in the properly labeled pigeon-hole, he says or does something to explode all preconceived theories built up around him.

He is seated at a table in the Army and Navy Club. At first glance he appears to be a business man. Light tweed suit. Conservative tie. Blond hair parted precisely and smoothly in the middle. A round and immobile face. Nothing out of the ordinary about that ensemble. Then he orders cinnamon toast, iced tea and—raspberry jam! The jam jumbles the first analysis. The waiter announces that the jam cupboard is locked. Judging from Hatcher Hughes' dark and disappointed look, the day is ruined for him.

He discusses his work at the University, about organizing the course in playwriting there in 1913. His mild manner, his dignified bearing and his general demeanor put him again in character. He is a college professor. Then: Zip! Another bomb.

"Life is not worth while unless you live it dangerously."

You settle down to study this paradoxical man. In a short while you learn many illuminating things about him. He turns to your view varied facets of his character. He is a professor of playwriting, but he is not a theorist. He has no formulas for the making of successful plays. He spends many months of the year in a classroom. And the rest of the time horseback riding, hunting, swimming, fishing. He admits that he will not sit fishing on a bank. He goes right out among the victims and takes them unawares. Apparently an inconsequential piscatorial revelation, but immensely significant. He is impatient, bored by the safe and sane method of going through life.

HE loves danger, adventure, taking chances. He is excited as a boy over rodeo feats, exhibitions of daring horsemanship. He is interested in humans. Not ordinary ones. Unusual types. Exceptional men and women. He is constantly analyzing people. Their motives. Their suppressed and repressed and unrepressed desires. Watch your step while Hatcher Hughes is around. You are being dissected.

Mr. Hughes' views on plays and playwriting differ radically from those voiced by fellow playwrights in articles which have preceded this one. Just as his personality contrasts strikingly with Eugene

HATCHER HUGHES,
a professor of playwriting, co-author of "Wake Up, Jonathan," who was awarded for his second play the Pulitzer prize for the season 1923-24

O'Neill's, George Kelly's and Lynn Starling's, for instance.

Mr. Hughes breaks his cinnamon toast carefully, and, in a methodical fashion, setting forth facts categorically and in sequence, expounds a few of his views:

"I give my students in playwriting the same advice the mother gave her débutante daughter: 'Be truthful and be interesting. But if you can't be truthful, by all means be interesting.' That's the only rule of which I know for writing successful plays. Don't let your audience go to sleep.

"In *Hell-Bent fer Heaven* every situation was devised to show characterization. Not to give thrills. Many people thought this play of mine was purely a melodrama, and spoke of it as such. Not in a derogatory sense. Merely under misapprehension. If *Hell-Bent fer Heaven* was replete with physical action and the profuse use of pistols, it was merely because the region of which I wrote called for that. A play can be thrilling without excessive physical action. There is nothing more gripping than the last five minutes of *The Doll's House,* where there is no action. Simply dialogue of vital interest.

"I believe that if you do much characterization in a play, you must know intimately the life you are portraying. And there is always the danger that you may be carried away with the local color. Knowing it thoroughly and liking it yourself, you may be led to indulge in it to an extent that will bore the audience."

Mr. Hughes clinked meditatively the ice in his tall glass.

"I like to analyze character and study motives. Take Rufe in *Hell-Bent fer Heaven.* He was misunderstood by many. He was thought to be a religious hypocrite. Some churchmen thought I was taking a slap at religion—insinuating that many intensely religious people are hypocritical. Religion, as far as Rufe was concerned, was only an incidental. Rufe had an inferiority complex. He was a runt, unattractive in face and form. He despised the fine, vigorous men of his acquaintance. He revealed his malice toward them, particularly in the presence of women. He took up religion merely as a prop. When any one of us finds our position assailed, we turn to something solid on which to lean. Sometimes it may be a stronger character. We ingratiate ourselves with him. Rufe has many qualities we recognize in ourselves. I notice some of his qualities in me. This same mirror-like reflection was what caused a certain well-known New York minister to write me, berating me for my play. He saw himself in Rufe, and didn't like the idea of the kinship.

"As a matter of fact, I knew a man who was a counterpart of Rufe. I was born in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and go there to hunt and fish every year. In 1916 I went to Boone, N. C., took a horse with me, and planned to spend my four months' vacation camping. Then came terrible floods, which washed away farms, bridges, homes. Several hundred people were drowned. People became very religious, just as they did at the time of the Charleston earthquake. Everybody was exceedingly good. The moment that Nature behaved so outrageously, they thought the end of the world was at hand. The women, particularly, believed that the great flood was a visitation. The weaklings revealed their cowardice. They stood out clear-cut in all their flimsy terror. They were afraid to face what lay ahead. That cataclysm of Nature showed men as they really were. The weaklings faced their own incompetence and groveled and turned to props—mostly religion.

"A TYPICAL Rufe lived in one of the homes in the danger zone. He took up religion with a vengeance, tried to make all the family pray incessantly, and, when

(*Continued on page* 56)

Portrait by Alfred Cheney Johnston

HELEN FORD IN "NO OTHER GIRL"

The Winsome Prima Donna of "The Gingham Girl" and "Helen of Troy, N. Y." Now Sings and Dances As the Belle of Quakertown in a New Musical Show With Eddie Buzzell

The 1924 company of the Arts League of Service Travelling Theatre and its "transport" division, in which are carried players, stage and properties

Motor Theatre Brings Good Drama to the Farm

Strolling Mummers Cheer English Countryside With High-Class and Varied Entertainment

By PAUL LEWINSON

London, August 1, 1924.

THE strolling players are about again in Merrie England. The native folk-song and dance, the quaint crude masques that were once a vital part of every English town and hamlet's traditions have been too long forgotten in the hardships of small-tenant farming and the hectic rush of industrialization. Now they are come back to life in the "Arts League of Service Travelling Theatre," an organization of players which may yet do for English folk-art more than the *Chauve-Souris* has for the Russian.

Does it seem an exaggeration to compare an English venture with the gay, colorful playfulness of the *Chauve-Souris* and its background of Oriental and primitive legends and customs? It is really stranger that an English *Bat* Theatre did not emerge long before the traveling stage of the Arts League started on its meanderings in 1919.

In the difficult and depressing days of the Spring after the Armistice, a little band of professional actors and actresses set out from London in a borrowed motor wagonette, with £25 worth of properties, on a ten days' tour of Sussex. Their hope, now realized, was to bring good entertainment within the reach of folks in the remotest places of England and Scotland. When their new specially designed gray lorry started on its latest trip, a few weeks ago, they were known and welcome all over the country, in little hamlets of a few hundred souls as well as in great manufacturing centers like Manchester and Birmingham.

And what sort of "good entertainment" is it that these players have been able to make popular? Well, in the first place, there is the great store of English folk tradition to draw on, a store fully as great as that utilized by the *Chauve-Souris,* and just as well adapted for use in unsophisticated "backwoods" communities. There are English songs, both the naïve and traditional, and the art-lieder of the Tudor and later Elizabethan composers. There are the age-old rounds and sailors' chanteys. There are the morris dances and country jigs and hornpipes. There are the mummers' masques and Christmas plays like *Saint George and the Dragon.*

The Caravan of the Travelling Theatre reaches the end of a stage in its tour through the English Lakes district

But—since this is the twentieth century, and the newspaper, the phonograph, and lately the radio have given every community, no matter how small and quiet, some taste for the modern—contemporary authors have also been included in the repertory. The Irish revival has provided material still of a decidedly folkwise turn, but present-day English, French, and even American plays are on the bills.

On its present tour, the "Arts League Travelling Theatre" takes a repertory of twenty-seven numbers, a selection from which is made for each stopping-place of the caravan. No. 1, is *Trifles,* by Susan Glaspell; No. 2, *Spreading the News,* by Lady Gregory; No. 7, *The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife,* by Anatole France. Scattered about among purely English folk-songs and dances are ballets to music by Albeñiz Granados, Goossens, and Scarlatti; and the arrangers of the simpler tunes for platform use are musicians like Cecil Sharp, Clive Carey, and Marjorie Kennedy-Frazer, the discoverer of the Hebridean folk-songs. On previous journeys, such ambitious productions as Shaw's *Arms and the Man,* Synge's *Riders to the Sea,* and Yeats' *Land of Heart's Desire* have been given.

All the properties and costumes for these productions—even the proscenium drapery and the curtain — go about the English countryside in a single motor lorry — and

(*Con. on page* 52)

OUR BROADWAY PRODUCERS. No. 8: MR. WILLIAM HARRIS, JR.

Patron of Thought—(Observe the Brow) Who Fans the Flickering Flames of Intellect in the Dizzy, Girlie Forties

Fate and Chinese cunning send Robert Chandos (*Percy Moore*) and his wife (*Florence Fair*) to the shop of his secret enemy, Chang Hong (*Ian Macfarlane*)

(*Center*)

Chang offers Mrs. Chandos the drugged cup of tea

Chang's servant (*Blanche Friderici*) prepares the unconscious victim for springing of the trap

Out of the past Chandos sees that which he would forget, while Moy Gow (*Stephen Wright*) and Chang watch

Photos White, N. Y.

Youth and Love triumph after all. Chang, with death at hand, sends Mrs. Chandos, her daughter (*Lee Patrick*) and the young lover (*Louis Kimball*) to freedom and happiness

"THE GREEN BEETLE" AT THE KLAW THEATRE

A Drama of Oriental Intrigue by the Author of "The Cat and the Canary"

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play

Dancing Mothers

Play in four acts by Edgar Selwyn and Edmund Goulding. Produced by Edgar Selwyn at the Booth Theatre August 11, with the following cast:

Mrs. Zola Massarene, Norma Mitchell; Ethel Westcourt, Mary Young; Catherine Westcourt, Helen Hayes; Kenneth Cobb, Michael Dawn; Hugh Westcourt, Henry Stephenson; Marie, Helen Eby Rock; McGuire, Adin Wilson; Blondy, Joan Cockram; Irma Raymond, Elsie Lawson; Mrs. Barnes, Grace Burgess; Mr. Williams, George Harcourt; Gerald Naughton, John Halliday; Clarence Houston, Timothy Thomas; Davis, Arthur Metcalfe.

THE theatrical season of 1924-5 opened auspiciously at the Booth August 11 with a new play by Edgar Selwyn and Edmund Goulding rather happily titled *Dancing Mothers*. The piece itself, it may be said at once, is not an important addition to contemporary dramatic literature. Its theme is conventional and shop worn; its situations threadbare and hackneyed, yet an unexpected twist at the end saved it from being utterly commonplace and is likely to carry it to success.

The wayward flapper daughter, cocktail-drinking and cigarette-smoking; the philandering, self-satisfied husband neglecting his wife for worthless sirens he finds in New York's midnight cabarets—all this is crude, stereotyped material that has served for countless dramatic pot boilers pretending to depict metropolitan life. Yet it is the sort of stuff your average theatregoer likes—the title alone, *Dancing Mothers,* attracts, particularly to-day, when everywhere we see cavorting females, pleasure-loving, empty-headed, neglecting home and the family wash-tub to indulge their lust for sensuous excitement—and a bold man he who would deny the ability of this play, trite claptrap as it may be, to hold the boards of the Booth for some months to come.

Mrs. Westcourt is neither empty-headed nor inordinately pleasure-loving. She is the sane, normal mother, albeit her people think her hopelessly old-fashioned. If, later, she herself becomes a dancing mother, it is only because her selfish child and blind, callous husband drive her to it. When one day she discovers that Mr. Westcourt, instead of going to Philadelphia on business, spends his time with a vamp, and "Kittens," her eighteen-year-old daughter, comes home slightly the worse for hooch and admits she got the "bun" in the rooms of a man she had met but casually, she thinks it time to call a halt. Until now she has offered only passive resistance to her husband's and child's behavior, but, in order to avert a catastrophe, she decides she must take a hand in the game herself. Proceeding to the gay resort where she knows she will find Gerald Naughton, the fascinating bounder who has infatuated her daughter, she assumes a French accent and makes herself so attractive to the rotter that, diverted from the daughter, the libertine feels real love for the first time in his vast feminine experience. But Mrs. Westcourt soon learns that playing with fire is a dangerous pastime. She has saved her child, only to be swept off her feet herself. Her flirtation with Naughton arouses passion she had long thought dead. And so the play closes, not, as everyone expected, with a reconciliation with the contrite husband and shame-faced daughter, but in the mother's realization that the old life is ended and a happier one with another man lies ahead.

The piece is well acted. First honors go to Mary Young, an experienced actress of much personal charm and beauty, who has been too long away from Broadway and who again reveals herself a delightful, accomplished comedienne as the roguish, captivating mother. Helen Hayes, a Pollyanna sort of young person whom we have been trained to believe incapable of indecorum of any kind, is called upon to be very wicked as the bibulous, love-heated flapper, and the actress' effort to appear bad is so obvious that she isn't always successful in making us forget it's play-acting. Henry Stephenson gives distinction, if not too articulate an enunciation, to the rôle of the philandering husband. John Halliday makes Naughton sufficiently débonair and attractive to explain his astonishing vogue with the ladies. Elsie Lawson plays the vamp to the life, and Norma Mitchell brings good looks and chic to the part of Mrs. Massarene.

Mr. Hornblow Specially Recommends:

THE DREAM GIRL—A delightful musical rendering of the fantasy, The Road to Yesterday, with score by Victor Herbert and competent cast headed by charming Fay Bainter and Walter Woolf.

COBRA—Strong and interesting sex drama, with a brilliant performance of the vamp by Judith Anderson.

THE SHOW-OFF—American comedy by George Kelly, offering an exceptional character study and some good acting by Louis Bartels in the title-rôle.

KEEP KOOL—Peppy and pulchritudinous musical show, rich in comedians and dancers. Not to be missed.

FATA MORGANA—An Hungarian study of disillusionment and youth, poignantly played by Morgan Farley.

I'LL SAY SHE IS—The Marx Brothers' musical show—low comedy, but hilariously funny.

SCANDALS—Up to Mr. White's satisfactory standard.

THE MIRACLE—Stupendous religious spectacle. The finest production of its kind ever seen in this country.

Marjorie

Musical comedy in three acts. Book and lyrics by Fred Thompson, Clifford Grey and Harold Atteridge. Music by Sigmund Romberg, Herbert Stothart, Philip Kulkin and Stephen Jones. Produced by Embassy Productions, Inc., at the Shubert Theatre August 11, with this cast:

Luke Calvert, Edwin Forsberg; Howard Brindle, Alan Allenworth; Henry, Donat Gauthier; Eph Daw, Richard Skeet Gallagher; Majorie Daw, Elizabeth Hines; Brian Valcourt, Roy Royston; Juliette Loti, Nan Crawford; Molly Daly, Ethel Shutta; Garcia Pindora, Andrew Tombes; Hotel Clerk, Joe Tinsley; Biggs, Cliff Heckinger; Bell Boy, Edward Allen.

IT took no fewer than seven doughty authors to put together this first musical comedy of the new season, and for once too many cooks didn't spoil the chowder. *Marjorie,* like most song-and-dance shows, is bewilderingly hazy and thin. Clean and ladylike it assuredly is—Mr. Bok himself might have written it—but your Broadway musical-comedy fan was never very strong on refinement. He prefers pep to pap. The comedy might be funnier; its situations offer more variety. But as these sorts of attractions go nowadays, it is snappy, good entertainment, superior to many in its class. The score is tuneful, the songs pleasing and catchy. It has drôle comedians, a pretty, well-trained chorus, in addition to a number of talented principals, headed by the graceful and comely Elizabeth Hines, who joke and dance their way through the tenuous plot.

Miss Hines, a charming singer and dancer last seen on Broadway in the George M. Cohan shows, has much to do in the title-rôle, and she does it superlatively well. A pretty girlish blonde, with a good voice, lithe figure and nimble feet, added to a kittenish manner, she won her audience from the start. Her songs and tender scenes with Roy Royston, the coy young leading man, supply such slender love interest as there is.

The chief fooling is in the very capable hands of Andrew Tombes, a professional *farceur,* to whom Nature has been kind in furnishing him with a comical face. His quips and comedy "business" kept the spectators in a constant roar of laughter, and in this merry-making he was ably seconded by that other excellent joker, Richard Skeet Gallagher.

Ethel Shutta, a clever and attractive young dancer practically new to the local stage, showed unusual pep and dancing talent out of the ordinary. More restraint, a little toning down, and the impression of her performance would be still more favorable.

Easy Street

Drama in four acts by Ralph Thomas Kettering. Produced by Kettering Productions, Inc., at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre August 14, with the following cast:

Agnes Sheridan, Miss Mary Newcomb; Morgan Carr, Mr. Harry Minturn; Margie Patch, Miss Nan Sunderland; The Stranger, Mr. Dwight A. Meade; John Sheridan, Mr. Ralph Kellard; Jim Fischer, Mr. Eugene McGillian; Bill Patch, Mr. Bob Jones.

RALPH THOMAS KETTERING must have done a Rip Van Winkle before he wrote this banal near melodrama. Waking up

after his Gargantuan sleep, he set to pounding his typewriter and turned out *Easy Street.*

The play concerns a narrow and surly husband whose species to-day is also extinct, even more so than the dodo bird. This suburban moron disapproves of his wife's trips to town. He grows suspicious and jealous, and finally orders her to live with the man he believes she is meeting on the sly.

The poor, oppressed wife starts to pack her belongings. The dour husband is hidden in the depths of a big leather chair. She confesses to a woman friend that her trips to town were for the purpose of holding down a job as a secretary in order to help maintain the household. As she goes away with a tiny overnight bag as her only baggage, another symbol of her husband's penury, he steps out from his place of concealment and grasps her valise. Opening it, he brings forth a baby's little jacket.

He gasps. Trembles. Stares at his wife in awe, admiration, astonishment. "Darling, can this be true?" Darling droops her head. The curtain drops on this asinine scene. Now go ahead and form your own opinion of *Easy Street.*

The Best People

Comedy in three acts by David Gray and Avery Hopwood. Produced by Charles Frohman, Inc., at the Lyceum Theatre August 19, with the following cast:

Mrs. Bronson Lenox, Margaret Dale; Bronson Lenox, Charles Richman; Marion Lenox, Frances Howard; Butler, Roy Cochrane; Lord Rockmere, William Valentine; Henry, James Rennie; Miss Tate, Eva Condon; George Grafton, George Graham; Footman, Charles Adams; Bertie Lenox, Gavin Muir; A Waiter, Joseph Burton; Millie, Florence Johns; Alice O'Neill, Hope Drown; Another Waiter, Lichfield Owen.

THEMES for plays invariably go in cycles. One subject is so overworked that the reiteration becomes deadly. Just now the hack playwrights' favorite material is the irrepressible flapper and her brother, the wide-trousered cake eater. We are bombarded *ad nauseam* with spectacles of exasperated mothers and fathers struggling hopelessly to control their diabolical offspring who, in revolt against parental authority, stuffed with Freudian and other weird theories of life, go their sweet way, defiant of all conventions. The chief merit of *The Best People,* and one that is likely to land it at least a box-office success, is that it does not take the matter too seriously, but, in the spirit of burlesque, handles amusingly and deftly a problem that is to-day causing concern in every American home.

The plot, naïvely simple, has served so often that the joints fairly creak with age. Mr. and Mrs. Bronson Lenox and Mr. Grafton, the mother's snobbish bachelor brother, representative of "the best people," are greatly perturbed at the scandalous behavior of Marion, their jazz-loving daughter, and Bertie, their hooch hound of a son. Marion, after unceremoniously jilting Lord Rockmere, a match dear to her mother's heart, falls in love with the family chauffeur, a masterful sort of male usually seen only in the movies, and goes with him to disreputable supper resorts. Bertie, having incontinently imbibed pre-war whisky, becomes infatuated with a chorus girl, and to the horror of Mr. Lenox—Mrs. Lenox has had hysterics long before and is *hors de combat*—it is learned that the young man is about to disgrace the family by marrying the woman that very night. To head off the young fool, father and uncle arm themselves with a cheque-book and hurry to the restaurant to take supper with the chorus girl and buy her off, she and her friend Millie, another chorus girl, having given them the date, believing them to be vaudeville managers who will hand them a job. What action and fun there is in the piece arises from what occurs in this Broadway resort.

If, at the end of the play, a happy solution of the difficulties is found by having the rebellious Marion marry the chauffeur, the only person who has any mastery over her, she looking forward to a life of happiness spent feeding the pigs at Birdville, Mo., and the chorus girl, at first indignant at Bertie's drunkenness, condescending to become his bride, we must not forget that it is only in a Hopwood farce that this social millennium is reached. It is all about as untrue to actual life as anything could be, but to furnish an idle evening's entertainment the nonsense serves its purpose.

The play has the advantage of an unusually good cast. The surprise of the performance was the acting of Florence Johns as the tough chorus girl, Millie. To theatregoers who last season saw this young actress as the distraught, grief-stricken daughter in the tense, highly dramatic scenes of *Children of the Moon,* a rôle calling for fine spiritual quality and great refinement, it seemed almost impossible that this vulgar, slang-flinging, half-jagged chorus girl could be the same person. That Miss Johns has accomplished this difficult and astonishing feat—this remarkable exhibit of versatility—impersonating successfully in succession two entirely distinct and utterly opposed characters, one a cultured, shrinking, sensitive girl; the other the tough, brazen, gold-digging habituée of the cabarets, and this without a flaw or a single false note, is an extraordinary achievement and establishes her beyond peradventure as one of the most versatile and talented of the younger actresses now before the American public.

Frances Howard ran Miss Johns a close second by her excellent work as Marion. Personally very attractive, she gave a spirited, snappy and fine performance. Gavin Muir also scored heavily as the bibulous son. James Rennie, another Broadway favorite, was quite in character as the chauffeur, and George Graham extracted considerable dry comedy out of the rôle of the uncle. Hope Drown was sympathetic as Bertie's chorus girl, a character as unlike the real thing as it is possible for anything to be. Margaret Dale rather overacted the part of the hysterical mother, but on the whole acquitted herself well. Charles Richman, as the father, had the only sensible lines. This actor has got rid of his irritating laugh and other mannerisms. I liked him better in this rôle than in anything he has done for some time.

The play is rubbish, of course, but amusing rubbish, well acted. You'll enjoy it.

The Dream Girl

Musical play adapted from *The Road to Yesterday.* Book by Rida Johnson Young and Harold Atteridge. Score by Victor Herbert. Produced by Lee and J. J. Shubert at the Ambassador Theatre August 20, with the following cast:

Elspeth, Fay Bainter; Malena, Vivara; Dolly Follis, Wyn Richmond; Wilson Addison, George Lemaire; Aunt Harriet, Maude Odell; Jimmie Van Dyke, Billy B. Van; Elinor Levinson, Alice Moffat; Nora, Clara Palmer; Jack Warren, Walter Woolf; Will Levison, John Clarke; Bobby Thompkins, Frank Masters; Mr. Gillette, William O'Neal; Ken Paulton, Edward Basse; Antonio, William O'Neal; Cristoforo, Edmund Fitzpatrick.

IT seems but a few months ago—actually it was in the Winter of 1907—that *The Road to Yesterday,* a comedy of much daintiness and imagination, first came to delight Broadway. Helen Ware, I recall, was superb as the gypsy Malena, and Minnie Dupree played Elspeth with childish earnestness and charm. And now the old story, in musical dress and enriched by Victor Herbert's lilting tunes, again makes a bid for popular favor.

Combining the fantasy of *Peter Pan* with the delicate satire of *Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire,* the piece is a charming product of the poet's fancy. A young girl, sightseeing in London, comes back to the studio of the friends she is visiting, so enraptured with the glamour and appeal of all the historic associations that her touring has evoked, that she wishes with all her heart to be transported back to the days of chivalry and romance. It is midsummer eve when, as all understanding persons know, wishes are granted as soon as expressed. Elspeth discovers that in that yesterday of three hundred years before she was the Lady Elizabeth Tyrell. All her own world friends are there in different guises, but the humor of the situations comes from the fact that they are living their lives as they lived them then, while she, though forced to form a part of the scenes, knows she is of the twentieth century and that she must only live out the hours until the morrow. She reiterates that she is the heroine to no one's comprehension, but, contrary to all law and precedent, as set forth in the movies and all self-respecting novels, the hero, instead of putting his adversaries to flight, incontinently takes to his heels. Finally, however, he plays into the rôle and rescues her from the hands of the villain.

Fay Bainter, as Elspeth, is wholly delightful. She has caught the spirit of the rôle and acts it with great charm and skill.

Walter Woolf, a fine, strapping fellow who can act as well as he sings, delighted the audience with the richness of his voice, and Vivara was picturesque and forceful as the gypsy. Some excellent fooling was contributed by Billy B. Van. The score is full of melody and color and the songs still haunt you as you leave the theatre.

Your money will certainly not be wasted on this show.

No Other Girl

Musical comedy in three acts. Book by Aaron Hoffman. Lyrics and music by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. Produced by A. L. Jones and Morris Green at the Morosco Theatre August 18, with the following cast:

Joshua Franklin, Earle Craddock; Miss Smith, Aileen Meehan; Miss Jones, Ruth Conley; Amos Trott, Francis X. Donegan; Obadiah Bingle, Jas. Francis-Robertson; Molly Lane, Doris Eaton; William Frawley, William Sully; Hope Franklin, Helen Ford; Ananias Jones, Eddie Buzzell; Thomas Lord, Henry Mortimer; Mary Herrington, Jane Carroll; Bryan, John Sheehan; Butler, Eddie Gerard; Mr. Van Etten, Francis X. Donegan.

(*Continued on page* 64)

Mrs. Westcourt (*Mary Young*) tries to convince her daughter (*Helen Hayes*) that cocktail-drinking in strange men's rooms isn't just the thing for a nice girl to do

(*Below*) "Kittens" (*Miss Hayes*), angry at Naughton's indifference, accuses Irma, the vamp (*Elsie Lawson*), of stealing his love from her

(*Below*) Realizing that his wife acted only to save his daughter, Mr. Westcourt asks her to forgive him, but she says it is too late. She loves another man

Mr. Westcourt (*Henry Stephenson*), amazed to find his wife in the gay Broadway cabaret, angrily demands an explanation

Photos, White, N. Y.

"DANCING MOTHERS" AT THE BOOTH THEATRE

Philandering Husband and Flapper Daughter in a Comedy of New York Life

Mirrors of Stageland

Intimate Glimpses Into the Character and Personality of Broadway's Famous Figures

By THE LADY WITH THE LORGNETTE

XLIII—BRUCE McRAE

THERE goes the most affable man of the stage. Its Sir Galahad. Its Chesterfield.

Who? Stupid! Who else than Bruce McRae?

Worthy nephew of a worthy uncle! One sees in his bow and smile, feels in his sincere speech and his cordial handclasp a reflection of the urbane manner of his late uncle. Sir Charles Wyndham was England's foremost comedian. Bruce McRae is New York's foremost stage example of chivalry.

Here is evidence to convince the most doubting. I had met Mr. McRae on Park Avenue. He asked my destination. I told him it was a cake-shop on Madison Avenue. He accompanied me to see the praised cakes. He stood, tall, fair-skinned, fair-haired, well dressed in the loose-hanging English style, beside the door. He overheard the conversation.

"What can we do? I can't take it, for I must go down-town."

"My boy is out. But he will be back at six."

"The woman to whom I am sending it sent invitations for her wedding anniversary dinner at six."

The tall figure strolled over from the door to the counter.

"I shall be glad to deliver it. I haven't yet had my walk to-day. A two-mile walk through the park will be a privilege. I insist."

The distinguished messenger boy lifted his hat, tucked the cake-box under his arm, left upon his voluntary errand.

When I met him again it was at a tea given by Gladys Hanson. I told the hostess about Mr. McRae's convoy of the cake.

"How is the couple whose wedding anniversary was being celebrated?" he asked.

"Separated and suing for divorce," I answered.

That moment was the only one when I saw Bruce McRae lose his self-possession. His eyes widened. His lower jaw threatened to fall. He reclaimed it.

"Really," was all he would say. But the scorn of those who flout God-and-man-made conventions was in his voice and face. Mr. McRae regards with wonder the divorce-granting courts of America, and looks sad when statistics reveal that one of every two marriages in Colorado ends in legal separation.

His own marriage is taut as the *Leviathan*. He lives at New Rochelle, N. Y. His son, Bruce McRae, Jr., married in extreme youth. He is the husband of Nell Brinkley, the illustrator. There's a small boy in the second family. Bruce McRae III, I believe.

Mr. McRae is an enthusiast for the out-of-doors. He proposes to build a house at City Island. "Which is no excuse," says the second Bruce McRae, "why father should pull and haul around those lots until he looks like a sand-hog digging a foundation for a new cross-East-River bridge."

He is a ladies' man of the best sort. He loves his wife exclusively, but he joined the Actors' Equity Association to espouse the cause of chorus girls whom the cruel managers required to pay for their own tights.

Again and again Sir Charles Wyndham's nephew cited that fact and charged fiercely the wicked managers who maintained such conditions.

Mr. McRae declaimed upon this wrong, day after day. It was his slogan through all the months of the actors' strike. He never realized the humor of it, even though the jocose pointed to it. He won the tights for his chorus girls.

Too serious? Perhaps. But he is British, though he came to New York by way of cowboy life in Australia and in America's Far West.

I once reminded him that a mighty manager had said that the leading woman is the backbone of a theatrical company, that the leading man's function is simply to "come on in the last act and squeeze the leading woman."

"Then, at least, he must be the shoulders," protested Mr. McRae.

XLIV—INA CLAIRE

INA CLAIRE'S true name is Fagan, and she lives up to it. She is gay, strong-willed, defiant, sure of herself and does as she likes.

She is the typical modern girl raised to the hundredth degree. She fell in love with a man, she says, because "he was thoroughly educated." She married him secretly and spent her honeymoon clandestinely in a humble little Chicago flat. She announced the wedding when it darned suited her, which was nearly a year after the elopement to the flat. When I followed her from the Belasco Theatre to express my wishes for happiness in her newly discovered marriage, I found her supping at the Plaza with another man. That did not seem unusual to Ina Claire (Fagan).

"My husband is out somewhere for his paper. Why should I go hungry?" she asked. Upon which I reeled silently away.

Miss Claire's husband is the dramatic critic for a New York newspaper. He was reared and educated abroad and deplores narrowness. His wife may sup with whom she likes, and will not like to sup with any but the kind with whom she should sup, he is sure.

Yet Ina Claire is the only actress I know who might have married the richest young man in the world. Actresses have married millions, but few have married multi-millions.

I know, too, that the very young girl who was playing then in a quaint Quaker rôle turned furiously upon trustees and other business men who called to see whether she really wanted to marry the richest young man in the world and cast them out. Automatically she also turned the rich young man out, though he has since renewed his friendship for her and has brought his wife to make her first visit to the stage door with him and to compliment her performance in one of her latest plays. She has supped and week-ended with them. There is no doubt that she flung away the chance to be the richest young wife in the world.

There was another rebellion of Ina Claire. It was when her newspaper-writer husband told her his "Old Man" wanted him to write what he thought of *The Gold Diggers* and of her in it. She said, "Go ahead." He wrote that he was ashamed to see his wife in a play so candid. David Belasco was not happy at reading such a criticism from one so near his histrionic family. He said so and Miss Claire told him she didn't care and she was going to quit anyway. She is the only star who ever flouted the nearly omnipotent.

Miss Claire lives where she likes. Sometime it is in a large, old-fashioned suite in one of the "converted houses" in the Forties. Sometimes it is in a new cottage at Pelham.

She is as tricksy and as volatile as Nell Gwynn. She has one serious note. It is her reverence for the art of acting.

She thinks that an actress has a heavy responsibility toward her audiences. She remembers acutely her own matinée-girl phase.

"I idolized the leading women of the stock companies that I watched every Saturday afternoon," she has told me. "I realize now that some of them were far below par as actresses. To my limited vision they were goddesses. Souls without a stain. They were my models of conduct. If one of them had been arrested for shoplifting, I would have died. I never go before an audience without recalling the quality of childlike worship and wanting to be worthy of what I have received of it. In little things as in great.

"The young things expect us to be models of deportment. For that reason I never laugh loudly and I dress sedately, almost somberly, for the street. To disillusionize them would be real pain."

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE

of Charlot's Revue. A True Artiste, in Whose Arresting Personality Wistfulness and Roguery Consummate a Perfect Blend. A Study Exclusive for "Theatre Magazine" by Maurice Goldberg

"Say Something Nice About Me, Old Chap"

Is It Possible for the Critic to Retain His Independence if He Meets the Actor Socially?

By CARLTON MILES

Dramatic Reviewer of the Minneapolis "Journal"

TREMENDOUS twaddle has been written about the functions of the dramatic critic. If playwriting and acting had been analyzed with the same bitter methods that have been used on the critic, we should have a better theatre. His attitude toward the public for whom he writes has been the subject of controversy. He has been drawn and quartered innumerable times by indignant authors, managers and players. He lives the cheerless, wintry life of the alien, tolerated as an unnecessary evil, preserved only by tradition.

For generations a favorite topic for conversation has been, "Should the critic know the actor?" Majority agreement is that the reviewer should be not even on speaking acquaintance with the mummer, that the balance of his critical judgment will be upset if he permits himself to stand on friendly footing with the person on whose work he passes opinion. How can he be dispassionate in analysis, we have been asked, if he knows the portrayer of a part? And we have been assured that he will be swayed by motives of friendship or of antagonism, according to his personal liking or dislike for an actor he knows, that he will be certain to condone faults or to condemn too heartily.

Much of this is poppycock, a theory carefully erected to hide the deficiencies of the critic. I believe the critic should know the actor and know him a great deal better than he does. Not only should he know the actor but he should know the playwright and the manager. Such acquaintance will be no betrayal of his trust. For how can he learn the details of the craft about which he is writing save he make inquiry of the persons who are practising it? He may sit in isolate position before a curtain for years and accumulate remote, academic ideas. But circumscribed regulation and rule have a habit of fading before practical application. No critic will learn to stand alone until he goes to the source creating the thing about which he writes, digs, sweats and delves—and evolves an individual viewpoint. Otherwise he will be a faint echo of Hazlitt or Nathan.

The average critic writes about the theatre because he believes in it. Unless it is, to him, the first of the arts he has no business pursuing his investigations. He should take it seriously, unheeding the lively warnings of others not to do so. For those who pretend to ridicule the theatre as an art are those who cloak their passionate devotion by a show of indifference.

Similarly, the average playwright turns his creative form out in the shape of drama because, to him, it is the highest mode of expression. The average actor is an actor through choice; his profession is inevitable; he loves the theatre. Not one of the trio at the start is immediately concerned with the economic result. It would be asinine to say that any of them disregard the financial side; it is certain that had that been the initiatory impulse each would have chosen to be bond salesmen or taxi drivers. For the hazards attending the production of a play are many; hardly an actor but knows what it is to be without an engagement; the life of the dramatic critic is subject to the caprice of his employer.

Nothing easier for ye conscientious critic to "roast" a bad actor if he has drunk his champagne the night before

Given this trio working in the theatre because they love the theatre, it would be reasonable to suppose they might march side by side. Yet between actor and playwright, on the one hand, and critic, on the other, there is an abyss of misunderstanding. The actor distrusts the critic; the critic fails to understand the actor. I believe it is because neither the actor nor the playwright believes the critic is striving for the same thing for which they labor. This automatically eliminates the playwright who offers "what the public wants," the actor who has no vital concern in his work and the reviewer who pens the smart line at the cost of truth. But this misunderstanding has been fostered largely by the critic who has taken himself too seriously and who has been taught to avoid workers in other branches of the theatre in order not to lose what he thinks is a calm and judicial viewpoint on their work. The phrase "detached viewpoint" should be laid on the shelf with that other banality "constructive criticism." We shall have better critics only when the reviewer voluntarily leaps over the abyss and convinces the actor and the playwright that he has some justification for existence because he is banded with them in fighting for the art of the theatre.

The burden of this proof rests on the critic, yet much of his present attitude is to exterior pressure. He has heard for years the wail about commercialism in the theatre. He thinks of the producer only as a business adventurer. Yet, why, in heaven's name, expect the producer to be anything else? In any art or industry the man who exploits is the man who desires monetary reward. Why should the producer be an exception? That there are a few striking ones is all the more credit to the theatre. But a little light will not enter the canvas castles of the ordinary producer until the playwright, the actor, and the critic, working in unison, convince him that the public may be tempted with something a bit better than he has dared. And for this reason the dramatist and the actor should merge their efforts with those of the critic.

Equally essential for the critic to know the actor is the fact that the average reviewer understands nothing whatever about acting. The greater the assumption of such knowledge the more pitiful his ignorance. He may be able to analyze a play and pronounce on it. This is the primary object of his review; it also is the least difficult of his duties. But when he comes to acting, he flounders. Else why should we have so many young persons, who have not learned any but the most rudimentary forms of acting, overpraised until their future is jeopardized by injudicious flattery? Why should any season offer a score of portrayals, each hailed as "the finest performance in years?" Two hours of discussion with an intelligent actor on his methods will clear up points that two years of observation from the front of the house will not explain to the reviewer. Attendance at a rehearsal will illumine for him a hundred details of an art and his judgment will be stimulated, not swayed, by such observation. If he loses his sense of proportion he is not a critic.

At present the majority of actors overestimate the power of a good notice and

(*Continued on page* 54)

RUTH WILCOX

GEORGIA LERCH

LOUISE BROOKS

Portraits by
Alfred Cheney Johnston

LOVELINESS FROM BROADWAY'S GREATEST GIRL SHOW

A Trio Selected by George White as Scandalously Beautiful—and Why Not?

A Stage Vamp on Women

They Needn't Be Good, If They're Honest—That Is, True to Themselves, Says the Snake-Woman of "Cobra"

By JUDITH ANDERSON

"WHAT type of rôle is your favorite?"

This question has been asked me often, and I am always at a loss for a definite and concise answer. If I replied to this difficult question on impulse and announced:

I'd like to play an old dope fiend, and Peter Pan, and Juliet, and Lucretia Borgia, I would plunge my interviewers into a dark pool of perplexity. They would doubt my sincerity. This strange medley of rôles would daze them. They would immediately make an attempt at classification. As far as I am concerned, this cannot be done. I am not a "type," as that word is interpreted in my profession. I don't want to be one. Nothing would appear more disastrous to me than being repeatedly cast in the same kind of rôle.

There are so many strange, alluring, hateful, lovable, weird, tender, ugly women of history and of life. I want to delineate all of them, or as many of them as my life span will permit. The enumeration sounds paradoxical. But what I mean is that I like characterization. That, I believe, is my forte. When I am given a part, it doesn't so much matter what kind of a woman I must portray as whether or not she is an interesting and plausible one.

Take my rôle in *Cobra*. Many people believe that I will continue to be a stage vampire. As a matter of fact, Elise wasn't the blatant, traditional kind of enchantress. She was never obvious. Never complex.

Just sincere and natural. It is true that she had a great deal of the devil in her. Yet she was true to her inclinations. She wanted her young man. And she went after him and got him. She worked in a straight line, with a single purpose, and nothing appeared as a handicap to her. She was brave and courageous in her way. I like Elise because she was not bound down by inhibitions.

THE YOUTH TO OLD-AGE DRAMA

ON the other hand, and in striking contrast to this worldly woman, I would like to play the lead in *Romance*. That's a rôle for you! I like a play the action of which covers a period of years. I like to see one woman's entire life unfolded from youth and the dawn of love to the old-age and fading-memories period. All the gamut of emotions run. The beginning and the end. There is poignant drama there. That is the type of play I like tremendously. Most plays only permit a flash of character revelation. One mood. One crisis. One great happiness or one enormous tragedy. But a play which carries a woman through the important years of her life, showing her as she was in the beginning, and as she might have been under certain circumstances, and as she actually is at the close of life, is a play which delights me.

It gives me plenty of opportunity to draw a complete spiritual portrait of a human being. All the facets of character turned to view. When I said I would like to play the rôle of an old dope fiend, I meant a rôle in this type of play. First show a young girl, with all the freshness and illusions of youth. Fate has not yet begun to pull the strings. Then come life's little miseries, growing in size and relative importance until the girl slowly becomes submerged. She fights, but loses. After the major sorrow of her life, she goes under completely. She takes to drugs.

THE HANDICAP OF BEING UNBEAUTIFUL

SOON that softly molded face is ravaged by illness and the effect of her so-called vice. And finally, in the last act, she stands revealed, a piece of human wastage. A miserable wreck. Life! One complete and finished picture.

Then there is romance. I like that too. Silver moonlight, tinkling fountains, the heavy scent of flowers, music, the love-time of life. And right here seems to be the appropriate place to say something about beauty. I wish I had a beautiful face. For a woman of the theatre, it is a wondrous possession. A beautiful woman can climb so easily. An unattractive one has to work doubly hard to offset her lack of facial charm. And yet there are those who argue and contradict me. They tell me I have a mobile, interesting face—a face which would never grow monotonous to look at. But it was a tremendous surprise to me when I was cast in a siren rôle. Had I been casting *Cobra,* I never would have selected me to play the part of the enchantress. I would have visualized a beautiful face topping that sheath-like gown. Of course, as a matter of fact, my lack of ravishing beauty has not, in the slightest degree, proved a handicap.

Returning to the parts I like to do, I mustn't fail to mention emotional rôles. I've had a great many of them. The one in *Peter Weston,* for instance. That permitted a great play of emotion. I like emotional rôles because they permit the unleashing of one's feelings. We are all more or less filled with inhibitions and repressions. We are constantly holding ourselves in. Civilization does that to us. If we let go, let off a bit of steam, we are considered eccentric, temperamental or just plain mad.

I watched a parade the other day—just an ordinary parade. Members of a fraternal organization marching down Fifth Avenue, under a burning sun. Bright regalia. Stirring brass bands. Rhythmic motion. Mass formations. I was immensely moved. I wanted to cry. Actually I had to work hard to control my feelings. What if I had let go and acted as I felt? The people would have been amazed. Or suspicious. Or contemptuous. And yet undoubtedly they were the victims of their own repressed emotions. So, just as an outlet, I welcome emotional rôles.

Of course I have another way whereby I throw off the petty restraints of over-civilized city life. Between seasons I get out into the country with my Great Dane Rex and a horse and enjoy a perfect orgy of freedom. No reason in the country why I shouldn't run and shout and sing and fling myself all over the place. These are the grand and glorious periods of relaxation for me.

Back in the world of the theatre again after the near-primitive life, I welcome the varied rôles with enthusiasm. I am then in the mood to be all kinds of women on the stage. A whimsical creature, a capricious one, a woman of many contradictory moods, a cruel one, a malevolent one, a tender woman, a woman broken on the wheel of her own emotions. Feline creatures, subtle, tricky, clever, selfish. All of them. But I do like to feel that the woman I portray is honest. By that I mean, true to herself and her own make-up. She can be complex and difficult, but she must be plausible. She must be the counterpart of some woman who actually exists, not merely a dramatic and fictional creature. She must be recognized by the audience as some one they have met before.

My early stage experience was gained in stock in Australia, my birthplace. Stock experience is invaluable. It gives an actress versatility—the ability to go with comparative ease from one rôle to another totally different. It gives her poise, stage presence, discipline. It is the finest school of which I know for all-around training in the art of drama.

FROM PEG TO COBRA

THE rôles I have had are all contrasting ones. I have played Peg o' My Heart. I liked the winsomeness, coquetry and sauciness of Peg. I have been cast for rôles in mystery plays, such as *On the Stairs,* and for melodrama like *Branded.* I've had my taste of bedroom farce. I was one of the wives and played a bedroom scene in Avery Hopwood's *Why Wives Leave Home.* As the daughter, with Frank Keenan, in *Peter Weston,* I had plenty of opportunity to demonstrate my emotional qualities. As the reptilian lady of *Cobra,* I had a fling at weaving spells over a susceptible man. I've played Shakespearean rôles. At eighteen I was cast as a siren.

And now, after years of handling rôles of such diversified nature, I find that I am still unable to answer that question: "What type of rôle is your favorite?"

"I like them all. Some better than others. Some less. As long as they feature characterization I am content."

ADOLF BOLM IN "DANSE MACABRE"

A Camera Painting Expressing the Sinister Beauty of Poe by Maurice Goldberg

Two for To-night?

The Little Pass-Bug and How He Works, Under the Microscope of a Broadway Press-Agent

By NAT N. DORFMAN

IT is the office of a prominent theatrical firm in New York City. The telephone rings. The girl in the office mechanically takes up the receiver.

"Hello, can I speak to the press-agent?"

The proper connection is made and the busy press-agent is taken away from his work for perhaps the twentieth time during the day.

"This is Mr. Blankety Blank," explains the caller. "I'm special correspondent for the *Oshkosh Gazette*. That is, I write a weekly theatrical letter for the paper, reviewing the best plays on Broadway. I'd like to include yours in my list this week. *Can I have passes for to-night?*"

And nine times out of ten the pleasant caller is a fake!

This scene is re-enacted scores of times every day in all the theatrical offices with hits or near hits in the playhouses along the Gay White Way. The pass hound is the most persevering cuss in the world. The greater the hit the more anxious he is to crash his way in free. And, instead of trying to graft his way into theatres with mediocre successes where there is a possibility there are empty seats, he lays off this type of show as if it were the whooping-cough. The pass hound wants the best or nothing. He is an unique specie in the world of the theatre, inextinguishable, unbeatable and forever bobbing up in all sorts of guises and armed with all sorts of excuses as to why he should be admitted free.

The pass hound is not solely a big town product. He thrives and flourishes in virtually every city and hamlet in the United States boasting anything from a three-a-day vaudeville theatre to a small movie house. His sole ambition is to see the show for nothing, caring naught for the many artifices he employs to attain his ends. Because New York has almost seventy legitimate theatres on Broadway, and countless vaudeville and movie houses, the pass hound thrives here in far greater numbers and operates more audaciously.

NERVE AND THE TELEPHONE

THIS grafter will stop at nothing. His or her chief stock in trade—yes, the female pass hound is even more artful than the male—is nerve and the telephone. The usual procedure is to call up the press-agent, give a mythical account of who they are and what newspaper or chain of newspapers they represent, and peremptorily ask for seats. The wily publicity man, however, listens carefully and politely to the story, as politely informs the stranger he will have to come in person with credentials identifying himself. Or, he may say that all requests for seats must be made on the letterhead of the newspaper or magazine they say they represent. Almost invariably the self-styled reporter fails to show up in person for scrutinization by the press-agent. Nor does he even write as requested. He is just a pass hound, a grafter sailing under false colors, ready and perfectly willing to stoop to a form of petty thievery for the sake of seeing a show for nothing.

It is conservatively estimated there are between five and seven thousand inveterate pass hounds.

A SELF-APPOINTED EDITOR

HE is a picturesque liar, if nothing else. His excuses and devices to ingratiate himself into the confidence of press men are ingenious. His gall is superb. When flatly refused he will manifest a personal affront, even threatening to take the matter up with the head of the firm. The press-agent, however, is unmoved. The more frenzied a pass hound appears to get over the turn down, the more certain the publicity man is that he is a faker. Real newspapermen, as a rule, are quite shy about making demands for seats. They realize the press-agent must observe great care in giving away the firm's seats and therefore are willing to bide their time when a show is selling out even though they mean to honestly review it. When newspapermen who are unknown to the press-agent are asked to identify themselves, they gladly do so, and come armed with credentials.

To illustrate to what an extent some pass hounds will go in order to put something over when they think the press-agent's guard is lowered, these serve as good examples: A man called me on the wire one morning, representing himself as the dramatic editor of a prominent magazine published in Chicago, but with a national circulation. Since editorial chairs are changed with recurring frequency, it is rather a task for a press-agent to keep abreast of the large number of newcomers throughout the nation. I had never heard of this particular person, although I knew the magazine well, so I told him to put his request for seats in writing on the letterhead of the magazine. He said he would and two days later there came the letter as requested. He stated he desired seats for the same evening and would call me at four o'clock that afternoon to see if I would grant his wish. I put him down on my pass list and dismissed the incident.

As most pass lists go to the theatre at about four o'clock, and the editor's call hadn't come, I called the magazine in question to inform him the seats were O. K. To my dismay I learned he not only was not the dramatic editor, but they had never even heard of him. I asked for the manager of the office, told him about the duplicity practised, and indignant, he said he would make a thorough investigation as to how the faker obtained the firm's letterhead, for it was this that riled him more than anything else. He called back about ten minutes later to say a man had come in two days previously to subscribe to the magazine and in an offhand manner had asked for a letterhead to write a few words to his wife in California. The clerk unwittingly complied with his request as an act of courtesy.

A woman called on a press-agent friend of mine in person and introduced herself as a fairly well known artist who free-lanced for several magazines. She showed him some of her work in various periodicals to prove her identity. She said she wanted to do some sketches of his play, but had to have the best seats way down front in order to get a good view of the stage and artists. The press-agent treated her most cordially and gave her the best pair of seats in the house. That same evening he was chatting idly with the manager of the theatre when two women strolled into the lobby. The manager greeted them warmly. He introduced them to the press-agent. One of them was the fairly famous artist he thought was now inside getting local color for her sketches. An usher escorted the impostor to the manager under some pretext, where the artist she impersonated faced her. The faker tried to put on a bold front, called her companion out of the theatre, a gentleman, by the way, and scurried away under his arm, probably cured only for the time being.

SEATS FOR MR. SHUBERT

A GREAT gag used by these fakers is to call up and say they are the secretary to Mr. J. J. Shubert or Mr. George M. Cohan, or some prominent producer, with the request that Mr. Shubert or Mr. Cohan would like to know if it was possible for him to see the show to-night. Press-agents inform the caller they will get in direct touch with the producer who wants seats and when the call is made the genuine secretaries express complete surprise over the matter. Another stunt along similar lines is to call a press-agent, tell him a certain dramatic editor or critic is on the telephone anxious to know whether he couldn't have two seats left in his name at the box-office. Quite often it is a legitimate editor, but even more often it is not. Requests thus made are never taken care of unless the publicity man is well enough acquainted with the voice of the caller, which he usually is, to detect whether another pass hound is on the wire or not. A certain dramatic editor was in the office of a press-agent one morning when a call came in, ostensibly from the very dramatic editor who was then sitting at the press-agent's elbow. The editor jumped to the phone and in no uncertain manner called the impostor's bluff.

Take the case of the enterprising

(*Continued on page* 58)

Mrs. Lenox (*Margaret Dale*) would dearly love Lord Rockmere (*William Valentine*) for a son-in-law, but Marion, her daughter (*Frances Howard*), has her own ideas as to a husband

Millie (*Florence Johns*), entertained at supper by Mr. Lenox, has a crush on the latter's irascible brother-in-law (*George Graham*)

Millie introduces to the dumbfounded Mr. Lenox (*Charles Richman*) his future daughter-in-law, her chorus girl friend (*Hope Drown*)

The family chauffeur (*James Rennie, left center*) shows himself the only person able to manage Marion, and so the Lenoxes reluctantly consent to the marriage

"THE BEST PEOPLE" AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE

The Revolt of the Younger Generation Again the Theme of an Amusing Play

White, N. Y.

The cobra (Judith Anderson) uses her deadly fascination to lure the unwilling Jack Race (Louis Calhern) to her arms

Cobra

A Drama in Four Acts by Martin Brown

OPENING at the end of last season, "Cobra" has, by virtue of its tense, emotional appeal, lasted through a long, hot summer and seems destined to carry on into another winter. It is a play of sharp character contrast, unexceptional as to plot and vivid and sincere in its depiction of human frailties. Martin Brown, author of "The Lady," has written a highly effective drama which loses nothing in the admirable portrayal given it by the present company. The following condensation is printed here through the courtesy of L. Lawrence Weber and the author

THE CAST

(As produced by L. Lawrence Weber at the Hudson Theatre)

Sophie Binner	Jeanne Gordon
Jack Race	Louis Calhern
Tony Dorning	Ralph Morgan
Elise Van Zile	Judith Anderson
Judith Drake	Clara Moores
Rosner	John Wray

ALTHOUGH close chums and roommates in college Jack Race and Tony Dorning are sharp antipodes in character—the one, famous as an athlete, impulsive and wild; the other, delicate, contained, the artist to his finger-tips. Jack—with his usual impulsiveness—has just gotten himself into a scrape with a young lady named Sophie Binner, from which Tony—with his usual tact and his check-book—has rescued him.

TONY (*smiling*): You talk like the morning after an awful party.

JACK: That's just how I feel. (*Spells*) R-E-M-O-R-S-E. Yet I suppose I'll go right out and do it again! A glass of straight whiskey would make you as sick as a dog, wouldn't it? (*Tony shivers.*) Well, what she said and did that night would have done the same. Left you cold as a stone. But me (*he shrugs*), I can SIP straight whiskey. And I can't get too close to any pretty girl without—— (*Hesitates a minute.*) I'm a beast, that's all. And I'll never be anything else.

TONY (*hand on Jack's shoulder*): Oh, yes, you will. I may not be able to make you believe it, but the right sort of girl will—some day.

JACK: What chance will I ever have with the right sort of girl when the wrong sort has only to come along and put her hands on me to lead me around by the nose?

TONY: Poor old Jonathan! You remind me of something I saw in India—that time with Dad. We were on an elephant, and could see over a high wall into a lane that led to a cattle enclosure. Down the lane was walking a big, white bull. That's you.

JACK: Thanks for the color.

TONY: Suddenly he stopped short—like a statue—his head down—staring at something. (*He pushes forward the paper weight that stands on the desk. It is the bronze model of a hooded snake, half coiled and raised to strike.*) About a yard from his nose a snake had raised itself just like that. A cobra. That's the wrong sort of girl. Mind you—he could have killed the thing with one stamp of his hoof—a great splendid fellow. He could have scattered a regiment or pulled a train, but he stood there, paralyzed, fascinated—his eyes held by the eyes of the snake.

JACK: I know just how he felt.

TONY: All at once he tossed his head up and took one step back—and—the cobra struck.

JACK: Stung! I see the parallel. Finish him?

TONY: I don't know. I was frightened sick.

JACK: Perhaps a cobra can't really kill anything as big and strong as a bull.

TONY (*rises*): They can make it hell for him, though, I guess.

That afternoon Jack receives a visit from a young lady from his home town named Elise Van Zile, who has successfully evaded her chaperone and is evidently set on making a conquest. She is a coy, mysterious young creature whose ingenuousness is ingenuity itself. Jack's powers of restraint are put to a severe test. When she learns, however, that it is Tony Dorning—son of the famous Dornings, the Fifth Avenue art dealers—who is responsible for the affluence of the surroundings, her interest suddenly changes.

ELISE (*impressed*): Dornings! You mean that wonderful marble place on Fifth Avenue? (*Jack nods.*) I was on a sightseeing bus. The man pointed it out.

JACK: His father was worth forty-five or fifty million. Of course Tony didn't get all that, but he got a good share—and the business—when he's ready for it.

ELISE: Oh! No wonder he can have such beautiful things.

JACK: He ought to make a big success. He's mad about paintings and statues and all that junk. I don't know what I'll be like in the art business. A bull in a china shop, I imagine.

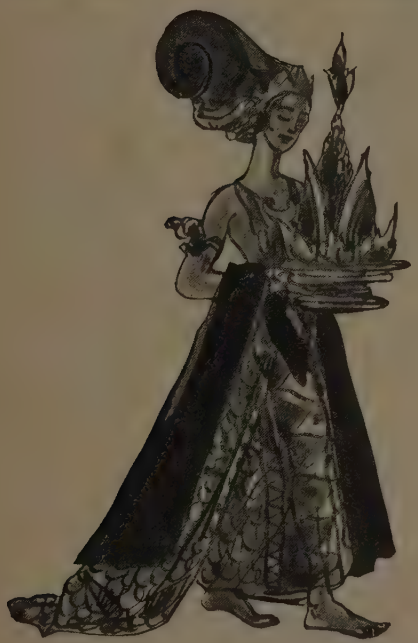
ELISE (*unconscious that she is speaking out loud*): What a shame!

JACK: That I'll be a bull in a china shop?

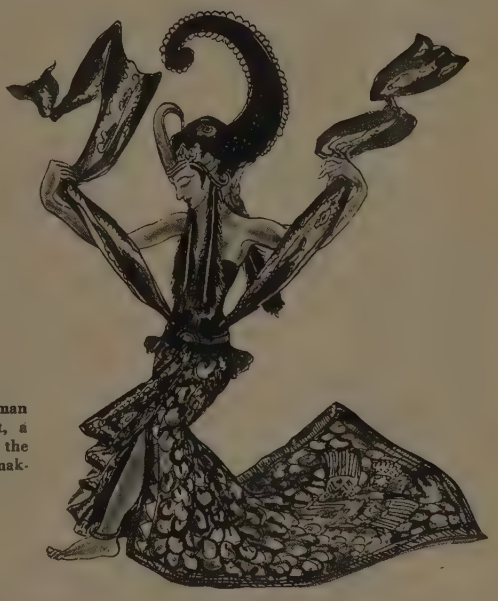
ELISE: No. That you—you're not (*hesitates*). I mean—what a shame that the money in the world is so unevenly divided.

THE sixth of the annual Greenwich Village Follies series, to-day a Broadway classic and now on view at the Shubert Theatre, presents an astonishing array of talent in addition to fine spectacular features by John Murray Anderson and sumptuous scenic and costume designs by Herman Rosse. The figures, left and right, show the costumes for some of the dancing nymphs of the porcelain group in the "Dream of Love" ballet. Choreography by Roshanara

Setting for the ballet arranged to the music of Liszt's "Dream of Love"



The principals include Roshanara, the Dolly Sisters, Vincent Lopez and his band, Manuel Vega, the grotesque, silent comedian; Amazar, Parisian beauty and singer; Anna Ludmilla, *première danseuse;* George Raseley, tenor; Dorothy Neville, prima donna; George Christie and these comedians: Don Barclay, Moran and Mack, Ethel Davis, Mazie Clifton and Billie de Rex



Left and right, costumes designed by Herman Rosse for the Javanese pantomime. At left, a lady of the court carrying the ingredients of the dye vat used in the symbolic history of the making of a batik shawl. At right, a dancer

1924 EDITION OF THE GREENWICH VILLAGE FOLLIES

John Murray Anderson Outdoes Himself in the Annual Gorgeous Broadway Show

Designs by Herman Rosse

Tony finally appears and is presented to Elise. He can only gaze in frank admiration. She is so fair, so fragile, making his own delicacy virile in comparison. His avoidance of girls has not been so much shyness as the vague sense of ideals that are too high for realization. Here is the embodiment of them all. Love—sure and absolute love at first sight—is Tony's.

A few moments later Elise is making her adieus. Tony—although warning her that he is not as fast nor skilful a driver as Jack—offers to take her home in his car.

ELISE (*laughing*): What a tease you are, Jack. (*Goes up to center door.*) Let him laugh at us all he pleases, Mr. Dorning. We'll go as slowly and carefully as you know how.

* * * * * *

THE years do not change Elise materially. The train of hair-dressers, beauty specialists, modistes, etc., provided by Tony's money, merely contrive to bring her possibilities to a state of perfection. As Tony Dorning's wife she is an attractive and expensive ornament.

As for Jack Race, though successful in his work at Dorning's and slightly less erratic in temperament, he still has his moments of his former wildness, somewhat aggravated by the loneliness of his bachelorhood. One influence has lately entered his life, however, in the person of his secretary, Judith Drake, which Tony hopes may have definite results. Elise appears a trifle jealous of the situation and contrives to speak to Judith concerning Jack's attentions.

JUDITH (*coldly*): Thank you. (*She is hurt, outraged, but controls herself with great effort.*) But I can assure you, you needn't distress yourself any further.

ELISE: I must, even at the risk of seeming persistent. Of course, Mr. Dorning and Mr. Race are very close friends. They have been like brothers ever since their college days, and of course, Mr. Dorning has always stood by Mr. Race, even through the time of the dreadful Ramble divorce case.

JUDITH: I'm sure Mr. Dorning would not give his friendship where there are no qualities to deserve it.

ELISE (*pouting*): Oh, you promised not to misunderstand! Mr. Race has many fine qualities that we ALL admire and respect. What I meant to say was that if he had been the type of man who could EVER care for just one woman, he would have married Mrs. Randall. Wouldn't he? (*Pauses, looking at Judith sweetly. Judith says nothing.*) Forewarned is forearmed—and you are so invaluable here—my husband has often said it—and I know that there are not too many good positions. Of course, Mr. Race would be the first to blame himself if his thoughtlessness compelled you to——

JUDITH (*interrupting her*): That will not happen, Mrs. Dorning. I misunderstand neither Mr. Race nor—yourself. (*Elise gives a sharp look.*) In any case I am leaving—at the end of the week.

ELISE: Oh, I didn't know that. I hope it's not that my warning has been—too late?

JUDITH: Mr. Race is not responsible, if that is what you mean. As far as his attitude toward me is concerned, I have never met any man who has treated me with such respect or consideration.

Although not exactly what she expected, Elise finds the interview satisfactory. Her talk with Tony a few minutes later is not so satisfactory. As Tony is going to be out of town overnight, Elise suggests that he persuade Jack to take her to dinner and the theatre. She has no other appointments and, besides, Jack has been neglecting them terribly of late. Tony approaches Jack with the suggestion, but the latter, rather pointedly, pleads that he too has an engagement in Philadelphia, the first thing in the morning.

A certain note of constraint in Jack's voice and manner causes Tony to inquire if anything is wrong. Jack finally confesses that of late he has had to be by himself. "I've had a lot of thinking to do." It eventually develops that he is in love with Judith Drake, but fears that he is unworthy of her.

Unable to resist the spell the cobra weaves, Jack throws all scruples to the winds

JACK (*with sudden bitterness*): It's no use, Tony. When I first realized how much she was beginning to mean to me—how wonderful it was to see her here every day, to work with her beside me—I hoped. I made up my mind to be fit to ask her. And I have proved to myself that I can be decent. (*His voice lowers.*) It's months—almost a year—since I've even looked at another woman. (*Laughs.*) That's a pitiful standard of decency, isn't it? But, at least, it shows that I'm not quite as bad as I was.

Tony convinces him that he should let Judith judge for herself. They shake hands, and Tony is about to leave when the door bursts open and Rosner, a rival art dealer, staggers into the room. He is wild-eyed and disheveled and apparently half out of his head.

ROSNER: I'm Rosner! Thought you'd send me away, didn't you! See me day after tomorrow. Well—you'll see me now!

JACK: What the devil do you——

ROSNER: I'm not talking to you. (*He draws a gun from his pocket and points it at Tony, holding it steady with a tremendous effort.*) He's got to see me. I mean business. The black and ruby Hun Ysin vase. Eight thousand dollars. That's what I paid, though he knew I had to buy it because its mate—that I had on exhibition—was stolen. I had to make good or get out of business.

TONY: You told me that. Eight thousand was just what I paid.

ROSNER (*voice rising*): Well, I'm out of business. Eight thousand! It took a mortgage on top of the robbery. Who held that mortgage? You did!

JACK: Mr. Dorning has nothing to do with that. His lawyers handle that part of his business.

ROSNER: Lawyers are paid to do as they're told. Mortgaged! Foreclosed! My wife just had a baby. They say she's going to die. Oh, my God! Push the little fellow out. Trusts! With your money? Corners in everything! Well there's something your dollars can't get you now—and that's the chance to do it again. (*Raises gun slightly.*)

With a quick movement Jack places himself between Tony and the madman, and, dashing forward, yanks the gun from the other's grasp. Rosner crumples, sobbing, into a chair, his head buried in his arms, while Tony remains standing by the table, unable to move or speak. It is one of those brief brushes with tragedy which sometimes enter people's lives and as briefly dissolve under a moment's sane reasoning. The misunderstanding over the vase is made clear, and Rosner, shaking with sobs at Tony's kindness, leaves. The latter turns to Jack and dumbly—unable to trust the emotion in his voice—holds out his hand.

JACK: Let's forget it.

TONY: Oh, no. Why—it's my life that I owe—— (*He can't go on for a moment.*) I'll be able to tell you—when I see you—to-morrow. (*Turns and leaves the room.*)

WHEN Judith comes in later to leave for the night, Jack detains her and —awkwardly—with a queer mixture of hope and despair in his voice, declares his love. The latter is constrained and unnatural and tells him there are two good reasons why the situation could only mean unhappiness for both of them—one reason he would not understand and the other he would not believe.

Jack is puzzled and hurt. He remains at his desk some time after the others have gone. The office door opens gently and Elise Dorning stands regarding him in mock gravity. She is dressed in a black frock that accentuates all the curves of her body. By fits and starts—with the daring of a woman whose nature has been too long inhibited—Elise unburdens her tawdry little soul and its cynical philosophy. She has made Tony happy. Now she wants her happiness from Jack. The latter is disgusted, but stirred nevertheless, and at length tells her he is going to give up his work and leave.

ELISE: So you will run away. And you think I'll be innocent enough to believe that I am the only reason—perhaps I should say, the only woman? Your sudden, Joseph-like decision makes me suspect that Miss Drake has told you of her decision—to find another place.

JACK: What do you know of that?

(*Continued on page* 48)

ANNE CARPENGER: IN "BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK"

An Actress Who Plays the Violently Irritating Heiress in the Kaufmann-Connelly Satire with Brilliant Cleverness and Wit

C · I · N · E · M · A

"Janice Meredith"—Valentino's Comeback—Tess on the Screen—"The Mountebank"—Elsie Ferguson and "The Swan"

By AILEEN ST. JOHN-BRENON

IT is probably tantamount to heresy to voice the thought, but to our way of thinking *Janice Meredith* is a delusion and a snare.

You are at prefect liberty to believe all the hyperbole you may see in the public prints, all the descriptive adjectives about the marvelous beauty of the sets, the vast expenditures for costumes, the unrestrained and magnificent gesture of the Cosmopolitan Corporation in opening its bulging coffers so that a palpitating and anxious world might not feel cheated when Paul Leicester Ford's historical romance was unfolded. It is all too true. While plain, ordinary photoplays are content with a love episode, a rescue, an emotional scene and a climax, Cosmopolitan has doubled up in everything. There are numerous climaxes and unending rescues, a superfluity of faints and tears and hairbreadth escapes —to be concise, *Janice Meredith* contains everything but the kitchen stove. Come to think of it, on closer inspection I find that the kitchen stove is there too.

Lillie Hayward's scenario develops no sense of dramatic cause and effect; and E. Mason Hopper, though he has unquestionably performed a task fraught with difficulties, and though he has accomplished a great deal, has failed in the all-important function of providing a genuinely stirring photoplay.

Miss Davies, showing a marked improvement in her work, is an appealing Janice. She is at her best in the comedy situations which represent the true direction of her talents.

There is a long list of supporting players, most of them stars in their own right. But Holbrook Blinn as Lord Clowes and George Siegman as Colonel Rahl are outstanding.

The most satisfactory element is supplied by Joseph Urban, whose settings are a joy, and by Gretl Urban, who designed the costumes. The quaint garments of the period are exquisite, especially those worn by Marion Davies. As concerns the historical episodes, the ride of Paul Revere, the Minute Men, and the Battle of Lexington, they differ only slightly from similar spectacles in *Cardigan* and *America;* and they inspire the thrill that is always worked at the signal of "the shot heard round the world." All the same, Washington's crossing of the Delaware is unusually fine.

Probably if *Janice Meredith* betook herself back to the cutting-room and was shorn of her excess shots, her superabundance of incident, and was judiciously stripped of her cumbrous trappings, she might emerge more appealing and convincing, instead of standing on tiptoe at the Cosmopolitan Theatre shrieking to the world, "See what I got!"

RUDOLPH VALENTINO has scored a magnificent "comeback" after an absence of two years.

Those who predicted with malicious satisfaction his inevitable loss of prestige and esteem in the public eye, had better take their disappointment and chagrin "far from the madding crowds" seeking to gain admittance to the public showing of their favorite's latest and most pretentious offering, *Monsieur Beaucaire.*

Valentino has not "fallen off" during the interim. He is not a back number. His legal tilts have left no scars, and as the gay Cavalier of Booth Tarkington's sprightly romance, he is destined to continue to hold the celluloid fort against the onslaughts of all contenders.

TRIUMPH FOR VALENTINO

The choice of Beaucaire for Rudy, as they call him, was a stroke of genius. A colorful and decorative background is thus provided for the exploits of a highly romantic and débonair character. And any film fan can tell whether Valentino is suited to that type of rôle.

Through the combined efforts of Forrest Halsey and Sidney Olcott, this pageantry of the English and French courts in the time of Louis XV is never allowed to obscure the manifold activities of our hero, brave and adventurous, as so often occurs in our costume dramas.

Valentino, the barber-duke, is given full sway always, and as the central figure in a gay and glittering setting he goes through all the motions that first won him so firm a seat in the hearts of his numerous admirers. His handsome countenance in turn reflects ardor and pain, reserve and abandon, love, regret. He is at once haughty, devilish, gay, malicious, regal, revengeful and the rest of it—the whole gamut as it were—but always polished, subtle and the beau.

The picture has been produced with a light and tasteful touch which is refreshing.

Bebe Daniels has fire and enthusiasm as the Princess Henriette, but Doris Kenyon falls a bit below the mark, while a long list of competent and well-cast players assist in making *Monsieur Beaucaire* a picture not soon to be forgotten.

TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES

WE have always maintained that instead of aspiring to depict drama, Marshall Neilan should draw on the characters of a Charles Dickens for his photoplay material, and having witnessed *Tess of the D'Urbervilles,* we "are of the same opinion still."

Neilan has a genuine feeling for characterization, especially where humor is amiably blended with satire, but when it comes to a knowledge of the deeper emotions and the struggles of life under the surface, young Neilan, with his love of the froth of Broadway and Hollywood, is sadly deficient. He possesses sympathy and intuition, as his work invariably shows, but when he attempts to cope with a real human problem, he falls by the wayside.

There is no denying the honesty and sincerity with which he approached Tess, but despite his honorable intentions, he hasn't done right by Thomas Hardy. In the first place, as conventions are at present, the psychological moment to bring Tess, as she really was to the screen, had not arrived, if indeed the story of poor Tess in all its sorrowful details of suffering humanity could ever be told by so deficient and stilted a method as pictures.

Again in her scenario Dorothy Farnum has skimped the real human issues and has obscured, in truly magnificent motion-picture style, the incidents which Mr. Hardy so painstakingly described to show that Tess was a victim of the tragedy of life and not merely a puppet in a stereotyped situation.

This is in nowise more conspicuously illustrated than when Tess is overpowered by the unscrupulous and licentious Alec. Shades of the original! There was no necessity from any point of view, motion-picture conventions, or anything else, to deviate so wantonly from the circumstances which led to Tess' fall from grace which Hardy so convincingly devised. In all fairness, however, one must commend her and Mr. Neilan for the ending of the picture, which is most touchingly portrayed and so admirably contrasted.

While Blanche Sweet does not quite create the illusion of the utter guilelessness and innocence of Tess, hers is a well-defined and sincere portrayal, and the memory of the smiling face of Tess, with her hair streaming over her shoulders, as opposed to the terrible end meted out to her by fate, lingers with us.

Stuart Holmes is thoroughly at home as the arch knave and deceiver Alec, and Conrad Nagel as Angel Clare is well cast.

Marshall Neilan will have to supply irrefutable evidence before we are convinced that the picture was actually filmed in the Hardy country. It has none of the rural atmosphere of Merrie England, and with the exception of a few shots of Stonehenge, is more reminiscent of Hollywood, where good box-office attractions are manufactured.

"THE SIDE SHOW OF LIFE"

IN bringing William J. Locke's *The Mountebank* to the screen, Herbert Brenon has made a photoplay of unusual delicacy and charm. Not only has he preserved the elusive and touching quality of the book without attempting to sidetrack

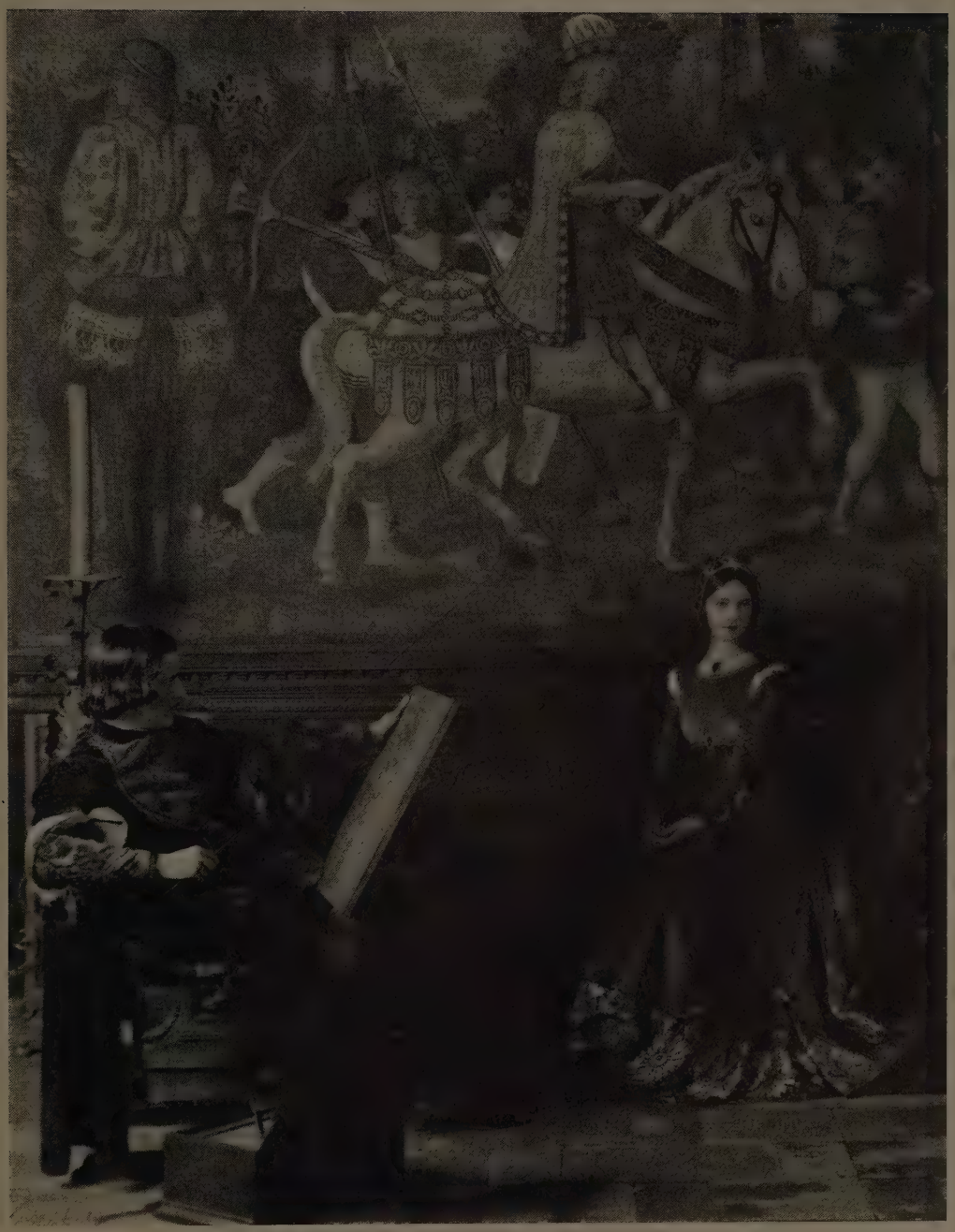


Photo Albin

Lillian Gish and Ronald Colman in Henry King's Film Version of George Eliot's Famous Novel "Romola", Produced by Inspiration. The Above Picture Was Made While the American Players Were "On Location" in Italy

the author's intent, but he has endowed his characters with a vitality seen all too rarely.

There is nothing conventional or hackneyed about the production; and yet we have failed to encounter that peculiarly dour expression worn by film executives when a picture has scored with the critics but not with the box-office. In other words, despite its artistic fidelity to the original, *The Side Show of Life,* which through some quirk of a film mind is the name *The Mountebank* has assumed in its pilgrimage from novel to play, has registered at the till. It is by far the most distinguished piece of work brought forth by Mr. Brenon since his affiliation with Famous Players, being filled with those fanciful and human touches reminiscent of his *Neptune's Daughter, War Brides* and the days in which he directed *The Fall of the Romanoffs.* The scenario by Julie Herne and Willis Gildbeck is a compact and thoroughly workmanlike job, a credit to them both.

Ernest Torrence is beautifully cast as the clown, who during the war becomes a brigadier-general and falls in love with one of the first ladies of the land. As in all of his work, his conception here is distinguished by a fine human dignity and sincerity. Anna Q. Nilsson, as Lady Auriol, is restrained and competent as usual, but her appearances are all too brief. We are not among those who foretell unending laurels for Louise Lagrange, who, it seems, has an innate hard quality which is not conducive to a great screen popularity. However, as Elodie, the little French girl whose love passed unheeded before the absorbed Lackaday, she is a spirited and temperamental minx. Maurice Cannon is exceptionally pleasing as Bakkus.

The picture has been effectively titled, and with its underlying wistfulness few will be able to see it without discovering an unaccustomed lump in their throats.

MANHANDLED

MANHANDLED is the latest of a series of box-office hits inaugurated by Gloria Swanson when she transferred her make-up box to the Famous Players' Long Island studio, and, to drop into the vernacular, it is a "knockout." It doesn't purport to be serious; nor does it endeavor to shatter any preconceived notions of art and the camera; nor does it advance any wild claims to fame—but it is a "wow" with the audience. It is entertainment, no more, no less—unashamed and unadorned—with a story that is pleasant and most efficiently produced, with fun and humor to boot, and with central characters which are at once human and interesting and roguishly enacted. Gloria is irresistible as the gum-chewing sales girl who longs to get her modicum of joy out of life, who loves Johnnie Hogan, but is curious enough to poke her funny little nose into the doings of the *grand monde* where rich men are plentiful but moral ones scarce.

When Johnnie considers that, like the left-overs at her quondam bargain counter, she has been "rumpled, soiled and pawed over," young love runs anything but smoothly for a time; but of course, being a fine lad and deeply smitten, he at length discovers that innocent girlish heart which has been obscured by newly acquired chiffons, glittering spangles, and the like.

As for Tom Moore, he is thoroughly delightful. His touch is gay and deft; in short engaging is just the word for his performance. As for Miss Swanson, she has thrown herself, heart and soul, into the part, and her delineation of the little shop-girl is humorous, admirably varied and convincing. Allan Dwan, who has contributed so much to Miss Swanson's recent successes on the screen, has directed the picture with great skill which, with Gloria at her peak, results in an unreservedly good story. *Manhandled* keeps the audience laughing all the time.

Now that Miss Swanson has been finally extruded as a candidate for *Peter Pan*—for which small favor we are truly grateful—she is going to France to make *Mme. Sans Gêne,* a far better and more logical vehicle to exploit her indisputable talents. In view of her recent characterizations, she can well be visualized as that highly colored personage of the Napoleonic era, whereas by no flight of the imagination can we see her as "the little boy who never grew up."

BABBITT

BABBITT, the satirical study by Sinclair Lewis of a man of means in a typical American community, has been transferred to the screen by Harry Beaumont, who, despite the compelling pressure of Willard Louis, in the title-rôle, has succeeded in making only a mediocre photoplay. It is a triumph of the obvious. There isn't a situation or a character that is not labeled with the familiar rubber stamp. It seems that the producers have stretched a point to avoid any of the little subtleties which, if employed, might have given the picture some claims to distinction. Sinclair Lewis' book is simply alive with pictorial possibilities—characters skilfully individualized, contrasts in type and scene and the numerous details necessary to break the monotony of an existence in which the imagination is stifled for expedience. Mr. Beaumont, with an elegant disregard of values, has ruined each opportunity, hewn each situation with a sledge-hammer and has seemed to take a certain amount of pride in the recurring cheapness of his effects.

Mr. Willard Louis makes a valiant effort to relieve the monotony, but the cutting-room, manifestly conscious of the shortcomings of the picture, has given us close-ups, semi-close-ups, semi-demi-close-ups and long shots *ad nauseam,* all of which help to rob the picture of narrative distinction.

BREAD

NOT having perused Charles G. Norris' *Bread,* we are unprepared to make comparisons between the original and the screen version, but as a photoplay *Bread* is as inane a piece of cross-sectioning of domestic life as it has been our misfortune to see.

It is a pallid and crude effort to discuss once more in celluloid the problem of the girl who has to earn her own living and who subsequently, more through circumstance than choice, takes to matrimony.

For some reason or other this competent young person who has proven her ability to hold an executive position and to cope with character becomes a positive half-wit the minute she acquires that little platinum band on the third finger of her left hand, signifying her new estate. From a self-reliant, sane and sensible member of society she suddenly assumes all the moron tendencies believed by our best scenario writers to be the rightful heritage of every young married woman.

Now it has been our experience that one of the greatest requisites for an executive position is the ability to cope with temperament and situations, and it would seem the simplest matter in the world to transfer even a particle of this experience from the roll-top to the *chaise-longue,* which may very well account for the fact that we are not a scenario writer. However, Victor Schertzinger and whoever it was who collaborated with him on the scenario, are hereby given honorary membership in "The Nothing to Write Home About Club" for their singularly unintelligent achievement in the matter of bringing *Bread* to the screen.

Thinking the matter over, all that can be said to their credit is that Eugenie Besserer is perhaps the sweetest screen mother on record, inasmuch as she is perfectly natural and composed and does not go in for bathos after the usual fashion of the screen-mother set. Hobart Bosworth gives a skilful and well-balanced performance and Mae Busch once again shows marked strides in her work, which even if you are not among her admirers, cannot be overlooked.

CAPTAIN JANUARY

WE are not laboring under the delusion that Miss Peggy Montgomery is an unsung Duse or embryo Bernhardt, but nevertheless we feel her charm. In her professional life Miss Montgomery is known as Baby Peggy, and as such makes her début as a full-fledged star in *Captain January,* her first full-length picture. Jackie Coogan has no cause to worry about the histrionic prowess of his little rival, for Peggy is not an actress at all. She is just a baby—a quaint, small thing, quite impenetrable, but altogether charming. She enjoys her peregrinations across the silver sheet so hugely that you never feel obliged to go out and get the Gerry Society after her parents.

The film version of the Laura Richards story, beloved by all children, puts no undue demands upon the small person, and while the picture has no great claims to fame, it is one of those easy-going affairs with which to while away a few hours. Hobart Bosworth has deserted for the nonce his rôle of the backwoodsman with the right arm—brave and true—and is seen as an aged lighthouse keeper whose love for a little child is the mainstay of his life and existence. There is an attempt to introduce a melodramatic twist into the story, but fortunately that has failed to efface the old favorite of childhood.

ELSIE FERGUSON'S RETURN

While we have to admit that Elsie Ferguson made her blunders during the

(*Continued on page* 64)

© Underwood & Underwood

Germany's latest stage-craft invention—a prop tree which can be inflated and is strong enough for an actor to lean against—a defiance of the high cost of theatrical transportation

Edward Valentine-Darling escapes from the "Give us a week at the Palace" importunity temporarily, for the chief booker of Keith's is snatching a brief European holiday

(*Below*) *Charlot's Revue*, given at the Parrish Art Museum, Southampton, for the benefit of the Southampton Hospital. In the group are (left to right, front row) George Harris, manager of the Revue; Howard Chandler Christy, the artist; Dewey Bloom, of the Revue's business staff; Harold Mundin, comedian, and Edith Price, of the cast; (second row, left to right) Col. Henry Huddleston Rogers, father of Countess Ludwig Salm von Hoogstraeten; Gertrude Lawrence, of the cast; Nelson Keyes, of cast; Margie Brooks, of cast. Directly behind Miss Lawrence is Beatrice Lillie, of cast, and at right of her, with fur over shoulder, Ethel Barrymore; behind Miss Barrymore, Mrs. H. C. Christy. Mr. James Lawrence Breese is standing at left of flagpole, and Mr. Samuel L. Parrish, donor of the Parrish Museum, is at extreme right

© Underwood & Underwood

Not Stark Young and Ludwig Lewisohn. Two players in *The Grand Street Follies* wear these life-like masques of the highbrow critics by Joe Davidson, the sculptor, in a burlesque revue of the New York critical fraternity

John Willard, author of *The Cat and the Canary*, and whose new play, *The Green Beetle*, was seen recently on Broadway

IN THE PASSING SHOW

A Few Stills from the Broadway News Reel

M · U · S · I · C

Concerts Without a Box-Office. A Young Conductor Becomes an Altruist. Puccini's New Opera

By GRENVILLE VERNON

ALTRUISM in music is supposed to be the exclusive property of bankers and their wives. It is for them and for them alone to endow orchestras, pay deficits, and encourage genius. The conductor is meant to draw thirty-five thousand dollar checks, and the musician to demand a raise at the beginning of each new season. This was all written long ago in the cynic's litany, and if ever the cynic were justified it is in the realm of Orpheus. But there is a young man—he is still young despite the fact that he was chorus-master for Oscar Hammerstein at the Manhattan Opera House way back in the first decade of the present century—who has decided that he, too, will wear the crown of the altruist. Moreover he has persuaded seventy-two New York musicians to wear little coronets themselves. The name of the young man is Josiah Zuro.

MR. ZURO is still on the sunny side of thirty-five, but his career has already been a long one, as he was only nineteen when he helped the lamented Oscar wake up the then dull and complacent Metropolitan. To-day during business hours he presides over the musical destinies of the orchestras attached to the Rialto, Rivoli, and Criterion theatres, which all the world knows are temples dedicated to the Muse of the Movies. But every other Sunday this young conductor puts on the aforesaid altruistic crown and ascends the stage of the George M. Cohan Theatre, where, baton in hand, he presides over an orchestra of seventy-two musicians who have given their services practically free of charge. These concerts, held at the unusual hour of 12:30, are absolutely free to the public, and ushers, printing, and other incidentals not to be had for nothing, are paid for entirely out of Mr. Zuro's pockets.

MR. ZURO believes in the spirituality of art, and sees in music a method of bringing to the masses who never enter a church something of the message which religion alone can give. At each of these concerts the young conductor engages a well-known clergyman or philosophical lecturer who after the opening overture speaks on the interdependence of art and spirituality. This address is followed by a movement from a symphony, and the program closes with a suite. The hour at which these concerts are given is unique and has proved extraordinarily attractive in bringing to them both people who have just attended services in the New York churches, and also people to whom religion has meant little. Oddly enough there are in Mr. Zuro's audiences nearly six men to one woman, a complete reversal of the condition obtaining at afternoon and evening concerts. Yet because these concerts are free, the czars of the music world have apparently decided to ignore them. Great is the power of the box-office—even with the newspapers! At all events let us lay our tribute at the box-office of the movie houses which make possible Josiah Zuro's idealism. It is, however, time that New York woke up and realized the possibilities in this unique series of concerts, especially as during the coming season he is to give performances of a number of American compositions.

SIGNORINA TOTI DAL MONTE,

the Italian coloratura soprano whom Australian audiences have recently hailed as a second Melba. New Yorkers will have an opportunity to judge her when she sings this coming season at the Metropolitan Opera House

---

HOW we Americans do love promises! Look at our political platforms, our religious, our national quacks, official and unofficial. And look at our popular concerts. Take for instance those in the Stadium. When they were established we were told that at last the American composer was to have his chance. Now read over the programs given during the first three weeks of the present season by Conductor van Hoogstraten, the Hollander, and Conductor Reiner, the Hungarian. Do we read a long list of American names? We do not. They are precisely the names we read and have read for the last quarter century on the programs of the Philharmonic or the Boston Symphony. It is all very safe, sound, sane and satisfying—but scarcely encouraging to the national genius.

NOW comes a salvo of artillery inaugurating the laying of the cornerstone of the American Institute of Operatic Art at Stony Point. It is to be hoped that it will not prove a loud noise followed by a deep silence.

This Institute is to be presided over by Max Rabinoff, and is intended to be a laboratory for young American singers and composers. In the opening address at the cornerstone-laying Havra Hubbard, former music critic of the Chicago *Tribune*, announced Mr. Rabinoff's intention in the following words:

"Here we will take the finished product of school and conservatory, opera chorus and ballet, and train them for successful operatic careers. Those not fitted for opera or the concert stage will be prepared for musical comedy, the choir or the motion picture theatre. Composers will have access to a great library soon to be assembled, and the advice of experts in singing, chorus, stage direction and orchestration. Then they may see their finished works performed upon the stage of this theatre. We do this to the end that American operatic composers and singers may have an equal chance with their European competitors."

"Queen," so runs the reported utterance of the wife of a celebrated American, "you said a mouthful." So did Mr. Hubbard. As for Mr. Rabinoff, we will wait and see. He is a man of ideas and courage, and in his life he has been many things, from operatic impresario to financial representative of the Baltic republics in London. It was not unfitting that he should summon a battery of cannon to his aid. I wish him luck.

THE plans of the Juilliard Foundation are now beginning to take definite form. Besides the fellowships for music students and the concerts to be devoted to the works of young composers, Dr. Noble and his associates have even more ambitious aims. Within a very short time the Foundation will be firmly established as a sort of graduate school of music affiliated with all the chief musical departments of the universities throughout the country. It is the intention of the Foundation to have these universities send each year their best pupil to New York to take an examination, which if he passes will result in his having

(*Continued on page* 56)

Nishiyama

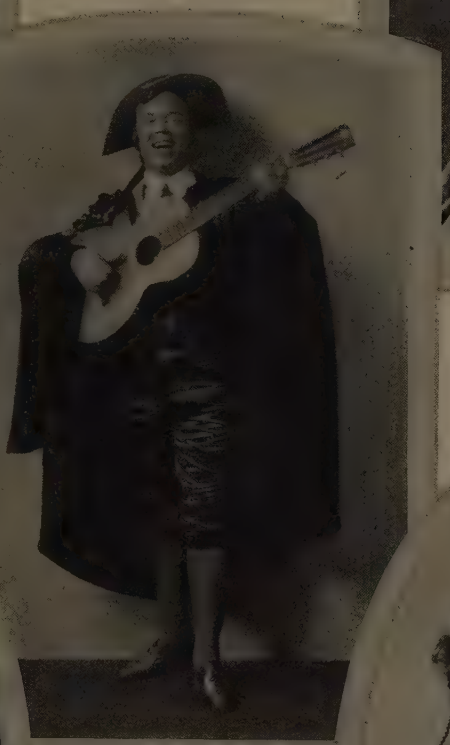
DEMETRI ONOFREI

He was a lieutenant in the Roumanian Army, but now he is at home in the ruffles of *Rigoletto's* heartless duke

© Elzin Studio

ABBY MORRISON,

a New York society girl who Signor Gallo believes will be one of the sensations of his coming opera season



VINCENTE BALLESTER

The comedy of old Spain has been reincarnated in this Spanish baritone's appearance as Figaro in the summer season at Ravina Park

BIANCA SOROYA

Her dark beauty and luscious voice will lead throngs to the performances of the San Carlo Company

© Mishkin

ANNE ROSELLE,

whose Aïda has been one of the chief jewels in Fortune Gallo's operatic coronet

OPERA ASCENDS ITS THRONE

Five Important Figures of the Opening Musical Season

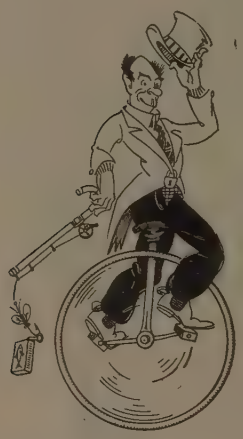
V·A·U·D·E·V·I·L·L·E

The Allez-Up! Knighthood—A Tribute—Some Fun Which Is Sophisticated

By BLAND JOHANESON

Sketches by Maurice Maxeville

THE acrobat is the miserable anchovy of vaudeville fare. He doesn't mean much as an emotional stimulant, but he has to be there, either on toast or a purple plush setting, garnished with pimento or magenta spotlights, a casual *hors d'œuvre* whose audience is in a perpetual state of rambling expectancy. It is in the circus, and the circus alone, that the Breakaway Bozos, La Petite Equestrienne, Flip-Flop Whoozis, the tempered ilk of sword-swallowers, the steady gentry of piano-lamp balancers receive their award of awed attention. But in vaudeville, these are the acts which open and close a show—performing "the mar-r-rvel-o-ous double somersault without once touching the ground, never before attempted on any stage!" while the audience challenges their stunts in incessant frantic effort to get in or out of the theatre.



Occasionally, an act is moved down to a number three-spot billing, but instantly it becomes "art" not acrobatics. Witness Ruth Budd who prefaces her giddy negotiation of the Spanish coil with a mandolin, a gypsy outfit and a Magyar melody. Franklyn and Charles, gymnasts, who affect lustrous and exotic black-silk tights and carry a fluty young female to warble ballads. And so on, to such muscular half-gods as the Rath Brothers who acquired the "art" label by performing in marble-hued union suits in a Broadway revue.

The Pasqualis or Leitzel alone, frankly gymnasts and nothing more—but so much more—bask in the scintillating glory of a "closing-intermission" spot without recourse to piano, song or monologue.

There is skill, beauty, nerve in these opening and closing ceremonies. Yet society given to worship of intellect and torpid livers tolerates them with genteel lassitude. Prize-fighting is one of the richest of international sports. Yet it is childlike, if not downright vulgar, to be impressed by acrobats. And it is not through cauliflower ears but strength and grace that one enters the noble spirit of attic sport.

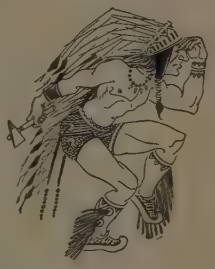
Mere glorification of the *corpus homo,* perhaps, but how experience a thrill more truly spiritual than to see Hannes Kohlemainen, singularly puny Finn, stagger across the Olympic field wearing the laurels of Marathon. The closer of vaudeville shows, not alone the "wan-r-r-rost-biff" impresario nurses alien tradition in a foreign field.

READING, Pennsylvania, is the cradle of native acrobats. There, nurtured on cool, amber beer and hot, sardonyx pretzels, a lad plumbs the soul of the flying rings. The Bard Brothers wear the name of the great gymnasium. And the four Readings, the most thrilling acrobatic turn in vaudeville, make similar tributary gesture to the town.

Joe Cook, past master of the school of Hokum, confided the secret of the sensational acrobatic, not such a beneath-the-roses ritual at that—to make the trick look hard, in fact, impossible. The Readings do it, with a leap from the top of a giant slide to a sudden, rigid, hand-to-hand climax. Franklyn and Charles do it, when one lashes his knees to the back of a gilded chair, bends back to touch the floor, and then raises himself *and his partner* to a towering monument of poise and brawn. There is still a trapeze performer who makes unbelievable swings through hysterical air hanging only by the heels of ordinary walking shoes!

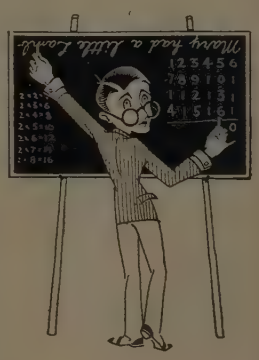
Fortunello and Cirillini represent a different school. They awe by the sheer ease of their feats, and charm with subtle drollery—the bewildered Hooligan and his agile and idiotically mischievous charge of the carpetbag. The Briants, too, easeful, whimsical, at once grotesque and delightful.

The yellow race contributes tumblers, jugglers. Iceland, a Johannes Josefsson, who effectively has dramatized his familiar glima exhibition into a pioneer's sensational encounters with hostility.



So they come, not only from the valleys of Pennsylvania—from the world. Martinelli, now agent, once himself an acrobat, sponsors many importations from the halls of Paris, London, Berlin, wherein they flourish unchallenged by coon-shouters, hoofers and dramatic playlets. And for what. The inglorious destiny of opening shows, to be seen, if at all, fitfully, indistinctly, a little madly, through distorting waves of standing, sitting, standing audience.

NEAR Broadway the other day an extremely dizzy personality flashing out of a music publisher's office in shirt-sleeves and a fog was none other than Arthur West, the comic who held the White Way's working records all last season, trebling in the *Follies, Paradise Alley* and the *Club Gallant.* But this day he was really busy. "I'm breaking in an act," he gasped, mopping his face, "built on the 'full and brimming moon' scale, to borrow Wilde." "Only fawncy," I responded. "Yes," he babbled hazily, "there 're a couple of laughs in it." Which is a large promise in vaudeville, even from Arthur West.



Apart from that his real name is Stromberg, that he nevertheless hails from Paducah, Ken., that he is enormously appreciated by such solemn literary gents as Mr. O. O. McIntyre, Mr. West is not terribly funny. So I went around to the Fifth Avenue to find out just how much the Keith Circuit was going to suffer and in what way.

The whole thing was fairly painless. The plump and rosy humorist must have been in a vaudeville theatre some time in his life, because he thought up having a blonde with beautiful black stockings and a bughouse plant in a box. The later innovation was a masterpiece. Disguised by goggles and coy ladylikeness, he was none other than Joe Burrows, a song-writer, funny in other ways, too.

Mr. West chirruped his familiar cabaret canticles, cracked wise effectively, and then came the *pièce de résistance,* as we say in cultivated circles. Made up in low-comedy habiliments as two uplift-workers, Daughters of Halitosis (to use their elegant label), obliged with a vocal duet. Its delivery was a masterpiece. Arthur was the placid daughter, Joe the giddy mamma, who careened skittishly, repeatedly provoking a frantic interpolation, "Mom, you're drunk!" one of the most beautifully irreverent and shocking catch phrases I ever heard in any act. And Arthur's is rich in foolishness.

THERE is a quality in modern music which is labeled "hot." And the *Mound City Blue Blowers* are it. They even outsizzled the sun in Atlantic City. Four pairs of rhythmic feet, marking one scorching blue. But these rather personable youths play nothing "sweet." And even the celestial tint can become monotonous. Consequently they are less effective in a family theatre than at a session with strange Tom Collins and strange blondes. and more important as recording artists than as a vaudeville act.

MARYON VADIE
(*Right*) The dainty ballerina is appearing with her violinist husband, Ota Gygi, in a program of the classics

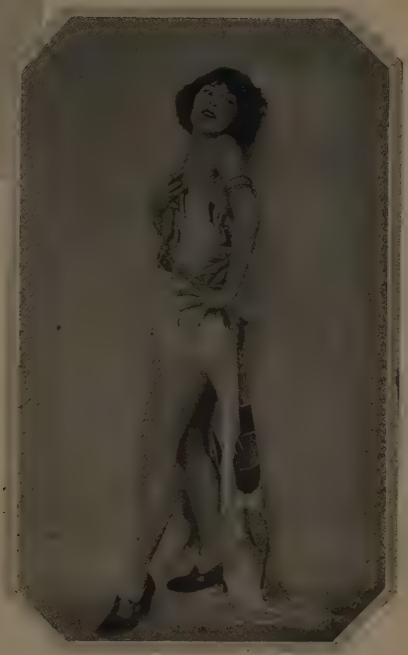
MABEL FORD
(*Below*) One of the halls' most brilliant exponents of the eccentric school of tap, soft-shoe and clog dancing

Celebrity

Mario-Tausig

© *Strauss-Peyton*

EDITH CLASPER,
a dancer who in a revue, *Variety*, invests her stepping with some amusing ideas



Sheffield

DOROTHY BYTON
(*Above*) A high-kicking danseuse, who is brightly supported by her own personally directed pony ballet

Goldberg

AMERA TAMAR,
who comes from recital to the halls with a rich program of ritualistic and interpretive dances of the East

AN ART OF INFINITE VARIETY

Vaudeville's Dance Glides From the Oriental to the Ballet to the Naïve Strut

THE CLOTH OF GOLD

Vanessi in "Innocent Eyes"—A Study by Maurice Goldberg of the Subtle Grace of Triangles

Heard on Broadway

Stories and News Straight from the Inside of the Theatre World

As Told by L'Homme Qui Sait

THE word has been passed up and down Broadway that HELEN HAYES has been signed for the part of Cleopatra in the Theatre Guild's production of *Cæsar and Cleopatra.* This is to be a merry Christmas gift. Ever since the first lady of the Nile had the eternal curtain rung down on her effective wiles, there have been Cleopatras and Cleopatras. Trillions of them. And a couple of additional millions. But it remained for the year 1924 to produce a tiny blonde Cleo with a soft Southern drawl. How about LEON ERROL for Hamlet, JOE COOK as Othello and SOPHIE TUCKER as Ophelia? Additional trick casting will be announced in this department from time to time and *vice versa.* Send in your suggestions.

Out of the Unknown comes the shadow of CHARLES FROHMAN to take an active part in this season's productions. From the Frohman office issues word that the familiar line, "Charles Frohman presents," will again go on all productions, even though Charles Frohman has been dead eight years. This billing is less awkward than the stilted "Charles Frohman, Inc., presents," which is the real reason for the change. At the risk of being bromidic, we are tempted to quote the lines containing the words "footprints on the sands of time."

MRS. KAREN BRAMSON, the author of *Tiger Cats,* the tense drama of domestic infelicity which made a big hit in London and which MR. BELASCO has in rehearsal here, is a Dane. Her play reached the London stage via the French, having been done in Paris under the title of *Les Felines.* Mrs. Bramson has written another play, entitled *The Dictator,* which will also be seen shortly in London.

From London there oozes the news that DAVID BELASCO is negotiating for ELSIE FERGUSON to play in *Tiger Cats.* ROBERT LORAINE owns the rights to the play and he will come over here to act the male lead. Broadway had rather expected that JUDITH ANDERSON, another one of Belasco's finds, would be cast in the rôle of the tigerish wife. Perhaps this was because of her work in *Cobra,* when she played the part of a slinky helpmate. At any rate, this gives Judith's admirers something to wonder about. What has Mr. Belasco in reserve for this talented young actress?

Speaking of JUDITH ANDERSON, have you ever met Rex? Rex is a Great Dane and one of her best pals. Every place that Judith goes Rex is sure to be. It's fun watching the mammoth Rex take his place in a taxi with Judith, to accompany her to the theatre. He drapes his massive form all over the vehicle and his mistress slides in whatever space is left. Whenever Rex isn't motoring, which is his chief form of entertainment, he is devouring all the callers at the Anderson home, and only the gentle urging of Judith's charming mother keeps him in a quiet mood. These, aided by anchovy sandwiches, for Rex is nothing if not an epicure.

Autobiographies of stage stars are soon going to deluge a helpless public. A big Chicago newspaper syndicate, through a special New York representative, is bidding for stories running from 10,000 to 25,000 words, to be written by stage stars. FRED STONE, MAUDE ADAMS, GEORGE M. COHAN and PEGGY JOYCE are angled for. Big league money is offered. Of course the stars get the fame, but what we want to know is who are the newspaper reporters, publicity men and women and magazine writers, who are going to pull down the friendly shekels?

It is understood along Broadway that JOHN BARRYMORE will play in London next season. The BARRYMORES—JOHN and MICHAEL STRANGE—have rented the Whistler home there for over the winter.

The well-known institution, marriage, may be scoffed at by the *intelligentsia,* the *non-intelligentsia* and all the other ranking mentalities of the universe, but there are two well-known people of the stage who have a kind word to say in its behalf. This extraordinary pair is ALFRED LUNT and his wife, LYNN FONTANNE. They style themselves the happiest married couple on the stage. "Ha, ha and a couple of haw haws," chuckle the pessimists as they ask slyly and meaningfully: "How long have they been married? The happiest married couple, while away on vacation, visited FRANZ MOLNAR in Budapest. Perhaps they revealed their cheerio married state to the Hungarian playwright, and he will write a play on this unusual theme.

In the wake of Fame come things other than the gay bay leaf. Or is it the laurel wreath? Famous people are invited to contribute their time, person and money to causes ever so often. There's DANIEL FROHMAN. Invited by the Centennial Committee of Sandusky, Ohio, to attend the one hundredth anniversary of that city, which is his birthplace. And think of all the other famous ones who hail from Ishpeming, Michigan; Clove Corners, North Dakota, and Two Rivers, Wisconsin, "getting a bid" for the installation of the new fire engine or the baptizing of the new town clock! Better a pale obscurity than this!

The rivalry among feminine film stars over who was to be featured in HERBERT BRENON'S forthcoming *Peter Pan* resolved itself into such a free-for-all fracas, one well-known fashion-plate star allowed her celebrated business acumen to be submerged in a wave of "art" ambition and offered to play the part without salary. But SIR JAMES BARRIE, after examining film tests of a hundred popular idols, awarded the golden rôle to an obscure young actress of Hollywood, BETTY BRONSON, frank, gay and only seventeen.

Here's joy news to the out-of-town wife neglector. The Winter Garden runway has been restored. For several seasons the famous promenade of the tantalizing chorus beauties has been in disuse. But the new *Passing Show* has revived with the erstwhile Winter Garden smoking privileges, the piquant traffic over this traditional Broadway by-lane.

Maybe it's philanthropy. Maybe it's business. In any case it's interesting to America's potential dramatists. JOHN GOLDEN is devoting one hundred thousand dollars of a fortune amassed with *Lightnin', The First Year, Seventh Heaven* to an open prize competition for three American plays to which he guarantees production as well as advance royalty of two thousand, one thousand, and five hundred dollars respectively. Tragedies, musical works and sex plays are not eligible to the contest, which will be judged by one hundred and ninety-two dramatic critics.

Critics as judges of play merit is an idea not without its amusing aspect. Some of the most popular critics are notoriously bad guessers. *Variety's* box-score of the metropolitan ones, recording the correctness of their decisions on productions, which created a sensation last season and has been resumed this, shows such *illuminati* as CORBIN, HAMMOND and WOOLLCOTT only about fifty per cent. guessers. Nevertheless, MR. GOLDEN will get a good deal of attention. And three new plays, however fantastically chosen, are merely three new plays to Broadway.

BENVENUTO CELLINI, neglected as a dramatic character all these ages, is about to emerge in no less than six versions, according to Broadway's traditional follow-the-leader formula. JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT will essay the first interpretation of the celebrated Italian artist-rake in EDWARD JUSTIS MAYER'S *The Firebrand,* with LIONEL ATWILL following him in still another version.

THE AMATEUR STAGE

Edited By M. E. KEHOE

Photo, Kathleen Dugan

THE SOUTH AND THE WEST MAKE INTERESTING CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE LITTLE THEATRE

Top: Scene from *Boots*, an original prize play by Ransom Rideout, produced by the Players' Club of San Francisco. The scene is set in a Russian kitchen, the theme being militarism—symbolized by "boots" which are heard tramping through the world. Above: The Birmingham Little Theatre's production of Charles Brooks' *Whappin' Wharf*, with a setting by J. Louis Schillinger. The play was produced under the direction of Bernard Szold

The Value of High School Dramatics

By CLARENCE STRATTON,
Author of "Producing in Little Theatres"

IF there has ever seemed to be a divorce between drama as a form of art and educational institutions in this country, the separation has crept in since the earliest public activities of schoolmasters and students. Perhaps not in Puritan districts were the youths encouraged in early decades to indulge in mimicry, but in Kentucky in 1790 a student performance was offered for the audience assembled at the first graduation exercises of Transylvania Seminary. Nor did the early aspirants for acting honors merely dip their toes in the stream; they evidently waded straight in, and sank or swam in the course of the evening in which they presented both a tragedy and a farce. Does any modern institution attempt so much? The record of this early production is so quaint that I shall insert it.

"Friday, the 10th inst.," one reads in an April, 1790, issue of the *Kentucky Gazette,* "was appointed for the examination of the students of the Transylvania Seminary by the trustees. In the presence of a very respectable audience, several elegant speeches were delivered by the boys, and in the evening a tragedy acted, and the whole concluded with a farce. The several masterly strokes of eloquence throughout the performance obtained general applause and were acknowledged by a universal clap from all present. The good order and decorum observed throughout the whole, together with the rapid progress of the school in literature, reflects very great honor on the president."

This is the first of a series of constructive and informative articles concerning Play Production in High Schools, which will be published monthly in THEATRE MAGAZINE

And a great wave swept across the land—a wave of the recognition of the power of dramatization in learning and in doing. Dramatization as an educational process may be far from or close to dramatic production in a school, but the fact remains that the utilization of that principle in training has helped tremendously in the more specialized field of play production.

Let it be admitted at once that there are plays which should not be performed in high schools; let it be admitted that when pupils have other important duties to perform, participation in plays may be a drain upon vitality or time. But thousands of high schools in the United States have so regulated play production under adult supervision that audiences are not startled, pupils are not rendered unduly sophisticated and rehearsals do not become too arduous. Drama as a form of art—some critics call it the highest form of literary art—should receive in a school exactly that consideration which it can justify. There is no doubt as to how much it can justify among the pupils. Ask any group of young men and women whether they would give a moving-picture entertainment or present a play and you will receive a forcible indication of the power of dramatics to attract and hold the youth of both sexes.

RECOGNITION OF THE DRAMA

EVERYONE interested in growing youths of both sexes or in educational institutions knows that at times between 1790 and now, and in some places even today, authorities have not always smiled propitiously upon endeavors of adolescents to act before the public—or in private, either. The reasons for such a cramping of one of the most delightful and naturally spontaneous expressions of artistic interpretation are rooted in a narrow-minded idea of what education should be, in a dark-glasses squint at all forms of art as moulders of human nature and in an atrophied sense of self-expression. One by one the arts crept into education—art, music, dancing—until only drama, the union of art and life, needed fuller recognition.

Enthusiasts for years had been claiming for drama all that the other arts provide and more. Suddenly the educators, those investigators who deal with such impersonal units as the process of learning, discovered that education should no longer be training for life merely; it should be actual life itself.

A HIGH SCHOOL PRODUCTION OF *ROMEO AND JULIET*
Lorin Gilland as "Romeo" and Matilda Swenson as "Juliet" in a student production at South High School, Minneapolis, under the direction of Miss Helen Fish and Miss Rose Muckley

THE LIMITATIONS OF PLAY "READING"

IT is often asserted that "plays have always been studied in high schools." That statement will bear a little examining. How have they been studied? As what? Have they been studied or read? Every reader of this article can recall some detailed instance which shows at once how much these dramas were really *studied* as *plays.* Was the class reading *Hamlet?* Then when the instructor met the expression, "The rival of my watch," instead of saying that the word in Shakespeare's time meant companion, he traced its etymology from persons sharing a river bank. Was the class reading of the exchange of the fencing foils just before Hamlet slew Lærtes? Was there any discussion to bring out the action upon the stage, the position of the duelists and the actions of the other members of the court? If the instructor tried to explain that in the passing there was some scuffling confusion during which the foils changed hands, he was a star teacher. Was the play *King Lear?* Then, like as not, he (or she) would ask whether it wouldn't have been better if Cordelia had fibbed a little to humor her doting old father. Certainly. But if Cordelia had fibbed, there would have been no overpowering tragedy—in fact, no play at all. I have heard a pupil held to every echo of Biblical phraseology in *As You Like It,* but heard him miss entirely the meaning of these two lines so absolutely essential to the dramatic understanding of the play, "With a kind of umber smirch my face" and "We'll have a swashing and a martial outside."

THE STUDY OF THE DRAMA AS DRAMA

MATERIAL printed as drama has been used in schools, to be sure, but not always has this material been studied as plays. The tragedy, *Macbeth,* may be used as a sermon on the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," but Shakespeare did not so intend it. Barrie's *Dear Brutus* may serve to start an investigation of English midsummer folk-lore, but the canny Scotchman wrote that play to be performed upon the stage. Even Milton's *Comus,* though it be pulled to pieces for moral tags, was written to order for performance by a beautiful girl and her two manly brothers, and it springs soonest to life when it is studied as spoken

(*Continued on page* 66)

The Amateur's Green Room

Behind the Scenes in the Colleges, Schools, Clubs and Little Theatres

JOHN GOLDEN'S ADVICE TO AMATEURS

"I WOULD venture to suggest that the great pitfall of the average little theatre group is in the selection of a play. . . . In the first place, it takes an expert to be able to read a play and to be able to picture it on the stage. Very often the expert misses his guess. So I would suggest that any amateur dramatic society, for its first dozen productions at least, limit itself to plays which have been performed professionally. In that way it can have some guidance in the way of flashlights of the professional companies, giving details of costumes, make-ups, settings, groupings and other important points.

"The average New York manager will furnish a moderate number of photographs if he has them in his files, or at the nominal fee of 50c. to one dollar a print, in case it is necessary to order them from the photographer. It is part of my policy to assist amateur societies in this way whenever possible, and I believe there is a similar policy in a considerable number of other New York offices."

This word of advice (reprinted from an interview which appeared in a recent issue of the New York *Sunday Telegraph*) from a Broadway producer who has never known a failure should carry considerable weight with amateur groups, and doubtless Mr. Golden will be besieged with requests for photographs of such of his plays as are available for amateur production.

PLAYERS' CLUB OF SAN FRANCISCO

THREE one-act plays by local authors made up the eighth bill of the season of the Players' Club. There was a prize play, *Boots,* treating of militarism, by Ransom Rideout, at present on the staff of the Department of Dramatics, University of California; *Joey Martin, Fisherman,* by Anna Evev-Oldsen, a resident of Sacramento, and *Reverse English,* a comedy by Richard Melville, a student at the University of California.

The Players held a competition, selecting these three plays from forty-eight manuscripts submitted. *Boots,* the winner of the fifty-dollar prize offered by the club, curiously enough was selected by the Pasadena Players, also as winner of first prize in their competition, and the première of the play was given simultaneously in Pasadena and San Francisco.

Everett Glass directed the three plays and portrayed the part of the leading character in *Boots.* Carroll Alexander, lately of New York, designed the sets.

IOWA STATE COLLEGE

PLAYBILLS for the season just passed at Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa, were varied and interesting, the Iowa State Chapter of National Collegiate Players presenting *Dulcy, Applejack* and a program of one-act plays, including *Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil, Feed the Brute* and *Wurzel Flummery.*

The Junior Class presented *Prunella,* and *Arms and the Man* was produced by the Senior Class. Other plays include *The Taming of the Shrew, The Ghost Story, Beware of Breakfasting, A Matter of Choice, Fingerbowls* and *Araminta*—also *The Finger of God* and *Figureheads.*

For the spring celebration at the State College a musical comedy, *Yalami,* the work of two senior students, Ruth Elaine Wilson and Homer Huntoon, was presented. In July *The Feast of Osiris,* an historical drama by Catherine Needham, was presented, followed by a bill of one-act plays, and ambitious plans are now afoot for the season of 1924-25.

THE WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYERS

THESE College Players, in their tiny playhouse perched on one of the upper floors of the Washington Square College of New York University, opened their summer season with a performance of *Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire,* followed by *Belinda, Candida* and *Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh.*

In their productions the acting is stressed, since the limitations of their small stage will not permit of complicated sets or lighting, and under the never-flagging enthusiasm of their director, Randolph Somerville, they have done very creditable work—several of their group having gone over to the professional stage, where they are achieving success.

The set and principals of the Mah Jongg chorus of *Yalami,* a musical comedy produced at the Iowa State College, under the direction of Lester Raines

The Promenades of Angelina

Sketches by Hedda Sohn

The Dollys wear the new boyish bob, but with the individual touch of bangs cut from the crown of the head and touching the eyebrows

SUCH a treat as I had Saturday morning! I went to interview the incomparable Dolly Sisters at The Ritz and to see their wonderful collection of clothes from Jean Patou, to whom they are under exclusive contract . . Two hundred or more of dresses, evening wraps, coats, tailleurs, they have brought over, to say nothing of lingerie, shoes—one hundred and fifty pairs . . hats, accessories, jewelry . . "All, all was there to dazzle and bewilder," as the genteel lady journalists of the 1870s used to put it . . Everything except stockings . .

"Do you wear grey or *pain brulé* with that frock?" I asked early in the game to get it quite correct . . and "O, we never wear *any* stockings," came from Rosie and Jennie together . .

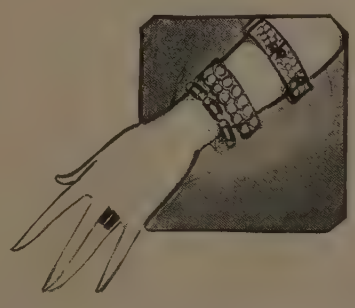
But their beautiful, compact little bodies are tanned such an even, soft brown from the suns of many French beaches that *pain brulé* stockings are well indicated . . Or is their tan more on the brown of a Japanese bisque doll? . . I don't know . . between the two, perhaps . . Anyway, they are completely adorable . . Beautiful? Rosie disclaimed it when asked would she be willing to reveal some of her beauty secrets . . "O, we don't claim to be beautiful," she cried . . Well, let's put it then the way a man once did when asked a similar question about a certain lady, "No, not beautiful," he replied, "but worse . ."

One can quite understand the deadly fascination the Dollys have wielded over the smart men of two continents . . some part of which charm I hope will emerge from these pages as you proceed . . I'm considering them, of course, apart from their professional side . . To what I have already told you of the pretty bodies and soft brown skins add these further ingredients . . almond-shaped eyes of grey-green, the lids faintly darkened after the French fashion and curly with black eyelashes . . short, high eyebrows above . . wide, red mouths smiling over beautiful teeth . . voices musical, slightly husky, with the English rhythm to their speech and pretty French . . a simple, direct manner, engaging and frank . . unceasing "pep" and vitality . . epigrammatic dialogue (as Tubby likes to call it), one Dolly supplementing the other . . and exquisite smartness in clothes . . Their bob is cut in an interesting manner, the boyish shingle with the bangs combed straight down from the crown of the head, making as it were a sleek brown cap that fits closely all around . . nary a wave or curl, except that which turns up slightly over the cheek . . In the mornings "around the house," as we saw them, the bang is pushed to one side across the forehead for freedom and breathing space . . but before they go out the hair is "done" with toilet water and a cap to set it . . I promptly went to the hair-dressers and had the bang idea copied for my own bob, and everyone agrees it is most chic . .

I was telling Tubby about my experience at dinner that evening . . much in the terms I've just been telling you . . He's seen the Dollys on the stage any number of times,

Jean Patou, who created the whole wardrobe which the Dollys brought over from Paris, has combined the popular ostrich with coque feathers for one of their evening frocks. On a pale salmon pink chiffon he uses this ostrich and coque combination, dyed the same tone, as a border and to outline an apron panel. A full chiffon velvet cape of salmon pink accompanies the frock, with enormous collar of coque and ostrich

Two of the interesting pairs of slippers that the Dollys possess are of black satin, with diamond paillettes embroidered in a gracious pattern, and of lizard skin in tan with tiny bits of colored leather sewed in and pipings of the same



Emeralds and sapphires are the Dollys' favorite stones for the moment. Their rings are huge, square cut gems in simple platinum settings and their bracelets wide and elaborate combinations of diamonds with emeralds or sapphires

but had never happened to meet them . . "Stop . . enough, enough," he tried to interrupt me in the middle of my story, "I'm completely sold . . More, I'm overwhelmed . ."

Well, they are a bit overwhelming, the Dollys, especially when you are contemplating that marvelous wardrobe they possess . .

Our appointment was for eleven-thirty, and at the end of an hour and a half, when we were gasping for breath and new adjectives, and were preparing to go, they exclaimed: "But we're not yet through . . you've only seen half" . . Nothing loath, we stayed another forty minutes . . but came away with the tale uncompleted . .

Two-hour fittings at Patou every day for two months were necessary to assemble this "trousseau" . . sometimes one Dolly going, sometimes the other . . there was that advantage to it . .

And now having worked you up properly, let me try to give you some idea of what my artist and I saw . . You will have at the same time the last word from Paris on everything pertaining to the mode of the season . .

Let me begin with the dancing frock and its accompanying wrap pictured on the reverse page . . Patou employs ostrich for these, which means it will be the smart thing again this season . . On some chiffon dancing frocks for the Dollys, whose skirts are of medium length and swing wide, he has placed fluffy borders of this . . The ostrich is always dyed to match exactly the tone of the chiffon and never by any means contrasts . . On one frock there is nothing but ostrich, on another he has made a newer combination of ostrich with coque plumes. (See p. 43.) To a chiffon frock in pale salmon pink, employing this ostrich and coque combination Patou added a stunning and voluminous evening wrap of salmon pink chiffon velvet with a huge collar of the ostrich and coque . .

Though the Dollys as I understand it, rarely appear in identical frocks at the same moment, after the twin idea, they do have duplicate frocks in their wardrobe, especially certain models alike in design and carried out in different colorings . . This same model of chiffon, with the coque and ostrich, for example, is duplicated in pale green and in white . .

The Dollys show the mode in a new tailleur of rough tan material, with wrap-around skirt and long coat, and a frock for the young girl of English plaid with navy trimmings and a patent leather belt. As important features as the clothes themselves are the accessories of short lacquered cane, *boutonnières* and flat pocket-books of suède with monograms of marcasite

Another duplicate model was a lunch or afternoon frock of bengaline reversed with satin, which to me was an absolutely ideal thing . . the acme of simplicity and chic . . It was a straight tube model, rather short, and swinging above the knees into godet pleats, which showed the satin side . . Two widish satin bands, woven into the material ran round the lower part of the tight, long sleeves, and small, round satin-covered buttons were placed in a close row straight down the underarm seam to where the godets began . . An attached scarf of the material, bengaline and satin, finished the model . . It came in a rich chocolate brown and in silver grey . . Enchanting! . . And with it went little close-fitting Rose Descat hats of brown or grey velvet with two bunches of shaded cross at the side . .

The accompanying shoes were opera pumps of brown or grey suède with absolutely no trimming, and as I said above, no stockings. Plain suède slippers were a favorite with the Dollys, though they had other more elaborate footwear . . A pair of sandals that I thought particularly lovely, and which I had our artist sketch again (see page 43) were of black satin, embroidered in a pattern of diamond paillettes . . The design was so light and graceful that there was nothing overdone or ordinary in any way about them, as has been the case with other slippers I have seen of an akin type . .

"We have these same slippers not only in black and white, but in almost every color," announced the Dollys . .

Another extremely successful type of satin evening slipper had as trimming a double row of small brilliants, set close together, running round the edge of the slipper. These, too, came in all colors . . We saw them among other serried rows, covering the whole floor of a large closet at The Ritz . . and which the Dollys complained was still quite inadequate to hold them all . .

For daytime and sport the Dollys were wearing shoes of the sandal type in lizard . . "lots of them," they said . . Lizard in grey or tan, combined with patent leather, . . or with tiny squares of green leather sewn into the vamp and a piping of green leather around the edges . .

An interesting indication of the mode in tailleurs was the model that Patou has designed for them . . (page 50). Short wrap-around skirts and seven-eighth length coats, strictly tailored, in rough materials in tan or pepper and salt mixtures . . With them went heavy white satin blouses of hip length, which buttoned straight down the front with a row of small round satin-covered buttons, the neck to be worn closed or opened as preferred . . a *boutonnière* of gardenias or red roses according to the color of the tailleur . . and little lacquered canes to match . .

Don't forget those canes! The Dollys are very fond of them . . they have them

in colors to match or contrast with different suits . . They have a like affection for the *boutonnière* . . We saw a top drawer all laid out like a flower-bed, with gardenias and camellias in white and pink and red . . roses . . carnations . . narcissus, white and yellow . . I don't know what all . .

I like so much the stress the Dollys lay on accessories . . They consider them quite as important as the clothes themselves, and their taste in them is exquisite . .

For afternoon wear Patou has made for the Dolly Sisters this charming coat of heavy crêpe, with its design woven into the fabric. One interesting note is the unusual but rich shade of citron green in the material and the other the use of cartridge pleats on skirt and collar

Going back to the sketch on the opposite page, isn't the little girlish frock worn by the other Dolly adorable? It is of English plaid material, the background navy, the plaid in blue and red and yellow, with navy cloth collar, and navy covered buttons down the sides of the skirt . . A Reboux hat of uncut felt in navy, gloves, gardenia buttonhole, and suède flat purse, set with a monogram of marcasite, complete the delicious picture . .

Pausing a moment for breath, what shall I tell you about next? The afternoon coats on this page rather explain themselves, with the aid of their captions . . The interesting design of them is the main thing for you to note for your fashion information . . The sketch in the middle, however, needs a bit more explanation . . It is a tricky affair that the Dollys have been wearing at the French watering places . . what might reasonably be called a "jerkin," I fancy . . Of red leather, bright but yet dark, as O. Henry might have said, it is embroidered in narrow gold braid and gold thread, and has an accompanying hat of red leather, gold embroidered . . It is worn over a white crêpe de Chine slip with pleated skirt, whose cap sleeve showing at the top of the arm softens the leather armhole, and red leather sandals accompany it . .

Another original and delightful idea for the shore which the Dollys have exploited, and which they say they will use later on at

An amusing conceit is this red leather "jerkin," embroidered in gold braid and gold thread, and worn over a white crêpe de Chine slip with an accordeon pleated skirt

Palm Beach, "if they get a chance to rush South for a few days," are sets of small baskets and floppy sun hats made of hand-woven grasses . . These are a specialty of the Basque peasants (whose province lies on the border between France and Spain), the grass either bleached white or dyed in different shades of blues and reds and yellows and combined and woven into fascinating patterns . . The Dollys had them . . baskets, sunbonnets and even small, flat envelope purses . . in various color combinations and designs . .

Here are some of their other preferences:

Coty's *Chypre* and Carron's *Narcisse Noir* for perfumes . .

Coty, too, they prefer for face powder, a combination of natural and *rachel* mixed . .

Bourjois for rouge . . and Houbigant for lipstick . .

The Dolly lingerie was as thrilling as all the rest . . Fancy! They fit lingerie over in Paris just the way they do clothes . . As a matter of fact, it's the proper way to do, isn't it?

"This nightgown I have on, for example," said Rosie, "took two fittings and many days to finish."

She was posing in a nightie of sheer crêpe or georgette or something, with cream lace insertion running down the sides and around the neck, the material from top to hem laid in fine pleats, pressed in with the iron . . Behind her on a chair was a chemise and "panties," making with the night-dress a set . . There were other sets billowing from the chair . . georgette and lace in different shades and combinations . . Every piece was ironed in fine pleats, though the difference between the French work and the American was evident at a glance . .

All hands lamented the fact of this difference . . I recalled how in Paris certain pieces of negligible lingerie, in a state of

Another afternoon coat by Patou is of light brown, embroidered in a darker shade of soutache and silk with a nutria collar. The hats worn with both of these coats are by Rose Descat and of brown velvet trimmed with shaded cross

Lounging robes in the mannish fashion are the smart thing especially for morning, and Rosie is wearing one here of China silk in pale green, quilted in a fine stitched pattern. Jennie shows a more feminine négligée of silk alpaca in rose, with marabout borders dyed to match and cut like a frock

disrepair and put aside to be discarded, had by accident gone to the laundry instead . . and how they had returned completely rejuvenated and looking too handsome with pleats and tucks and pink tissue paper in their folds . .

"They haven't the time for that over here," explained Jennie . .

There are, however, one or two laundries even over here where they have the time—if you have the money . . Also if you can find them . .

A type of nightie that the Dollys affect appealed to me immensely . . Of China silk, it is cut somewhat on the order of "the old-fashioned nightshirt," with a vest effect made by rows of hemstitching, and hemstitching on the loose long sleeves . . The Dollys reserve these especially for traveling and have them in dark shades of jade green, or rose, or French blue . . The tiny figure at the right above shows what I mean . . As on a man's shirt, there is a little tab at the end of the vest part on which is embroidered their names in script. .

Some of the Dollys' dressing gowns have this same tailored air, which is the newest and smartest thing . . Jennie met us, for instance, in the lounging robe sketched in the upper left-hand corner of the page, a robe of pale green China silk cut on the lines you see, a quilted pattern done with fine machine stitching all over it being its only adornment . . This same model was duplicated in pink, and Rosie had her lounging robes of the same kind as well . .

Both the Dollys are wearing the most fascinating sandals, which were created for them originally to use on the beach . . But they have gone further and wear these sandals around the house, as dancers loving everything in the way of shoes that keep the feet free and out in the open air . . One can see it is a kind of mild hobby of theirs, a hobby with which I am all in sympathy . . I too use all the Chinese sandals and wooden clogs that I can lay my hands on . .

These sandals of the Dollys suggest a combination of those of several nationalities and are most fetching and decorative, besides being entirely practical . . To begin with, they have light wooden soles about half an inch think, and then two wide straps of soft leather which go across the instep and are laced with baby ribbon . . The wooden soles are painted and decorated and the leather and baby ribbon both contrast and harmonize . . The morning we saw the Dollys, Jennie was wearing a pair of sandals with black wooden soles ornamented with an orange and gold design and black leather straps laced with orange baby ribbon . . While Rosie wore a pair with soles painted a French blue and decorated with delicate green, the leather straps being of green laced with blue baby ribbon.

Certain smart women copied these sandals and appeared in them at the Lido in August, and I suppose by the Palm Beach season we will have them here too . . I sincerely hope so, for I have altogether lost my heart to them . .

Another item in the Dollys' wardrobe that I am pining to copy also is the kind of pocket handkerchiefs they use . . No lace nor embroidery for them in *mouchoirs* . . They have large squares . . really quite large, almost a man's size . . of the sheerest linen, with hems rolled and over-and-overed with fine cotton thread . . These handkerchiefs come in deep blue, deep rose, maize, violet, green, and have rather tall monograms in one corner which contrast, not match, with the shade of the linen . . For evening they carry the same type of handkerchief, but in all white. The linen is perhaps a little sheerer . . the monogram a bit more elaborate . . that is all.

The latest in beach sandals, which were created for the Dollys and which they have also adopted for wear around the house. They have half-inch soles of brightly painted wood and colored leather straps laced with baby ribbon

LES PARFUMS DE COTY

The intriguing individuality of women is emphasized with unforgetable significance in the Perfumes of COTY

"PARIS"—*brilliant, provocative, the challenge of delicious daring and bewildering contrasts.*

L'ORIGAN—*exquisite elegance and delicate sophistication, perfume of the lovely irresistible women of the world.*

EMERAUDE—*ever new, fresh fragrance, differing, with mysterious change, for each woman.*

THESE COTY PERFUME ODEURS ARE CREATED ALSO IN THE EAU DE TOILETTE, THE FACE POWDER, COMPACTE, TALC POWDER, SACHET AND BRILLANTINE FOR THE COMPLETE ARTISTIC EFFECT.

Paris

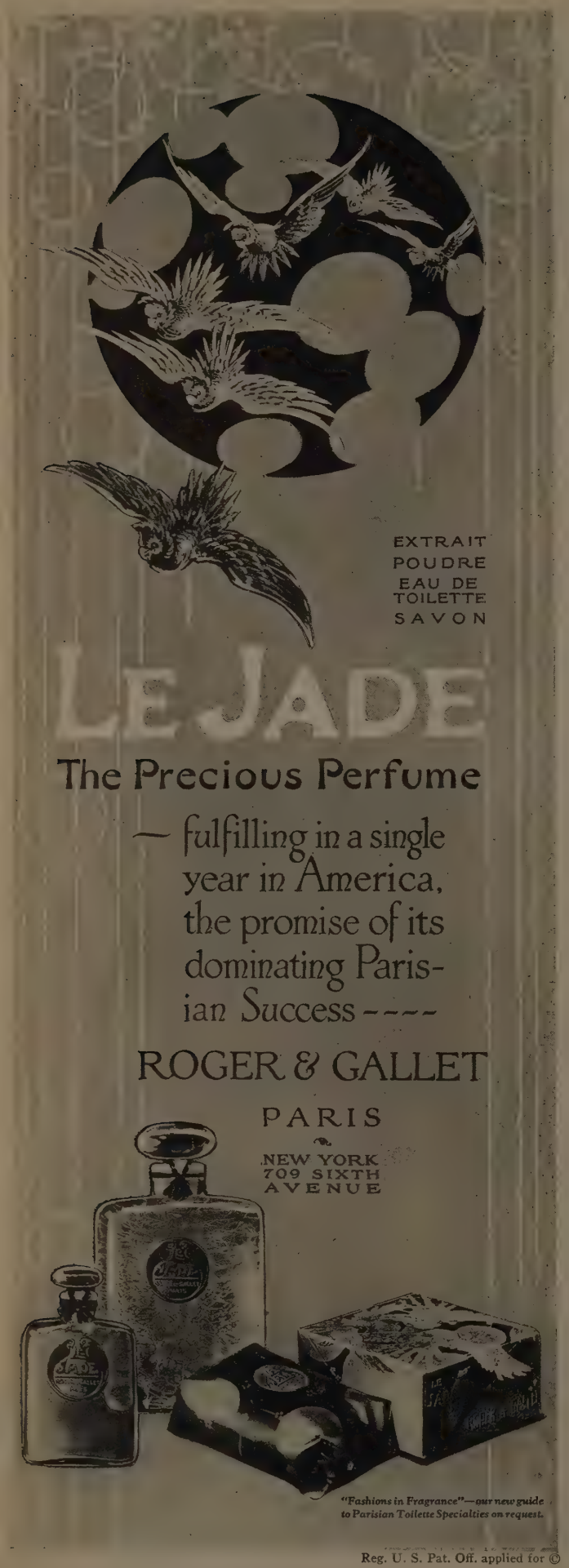
Emeraude

L'Origan

Address "Dept. TM-10" for

"THE ART OF PERFUMING"
a booklet subtly describing types of women and their expressive perfumes—on request

COTY INC.
714 Fifth Avenue, New York
CANADA — 55 Mc Gill College Ave Montreal



THE PLAY THAT IS TALKED ABOUT

(*Continued from page 28*)

ELISE: Only what she told me. (*Jack turns away, hurt.*) My dear boy, what could be more natural than for one woman to appeal to another for help and advice? I had to tell her that if she thought you were seriously interested there was only one way of escaping a certain unpleasantness.

JACK (*angry*): It did not occur to you that I might ask her to marry me?

ELISE: Frankly, no; but it had occurred to her. (*Jack stares at her in amazement.*) Of course, she didn't say so in so many words. She simply made me understand that (*she hesitates*), to put it gently—she inferred that your type was repugnant to her nature. That there were some things she could never forgive.

The cobra had struck. She didn't love him after all, but had been unwilling to tell him so. Elise continues her protestations of love. Jack turns toward her.

JACK (*with feeling*): My God, what do you suppose it would do to Tony's life if he should ever see a letter—like the one you wrote me—a year ago?

ELISE: He won't see the letter—you won't show it to him. (*Turns away.*) Oh, what a cruel answer you sent me. I have it still—safely under lock and key. I have read it again and again. The ink is blotted with tears. That ought to show how much I love you. Those few cruel words from you meant more than all the love letters that were ever written by another man. (*There is a little pause.*) Oh, Jack, you can't put one fire out with another. (*Puts hand on his shoulder.*) What Tony is—he always was. What you were—you are—and always will be—and that is right. (*She moves close to him.*) You've been trying to do an impossible thing. You've been catching at moonbeams and chasing shadows. Leave that to the ones who are only shadows of men themselves. It's not your fault that you were made to find happiness only in realities—like this. (*She drops to her knees beside him and slipping her hand on his.*) I love you. (*For a moment Jack does not move. She kisses him.*)

JACK (*lifting his head desperately*): Don't you think of—Tony?

ELISE: You'll be taking nothing from Tony. You won't—— (*She embraces him passionately.*) We'll go to the Van Cleve Hotel and dine alone—high up—where it's cool. (*Softly.*) Afterward—you can leave me there and go on to your appointment. As late as you please. . . . Come!

Jack looks around for a moment, then crosses and gets his hat—picks up brief case from the desk. She opens the door and he follows after her.

* * * * * *

The next day Jack returns to find Judith arranging his desk. She tells him that Mr. Dorning wants to see him; in fact, put a call through to Philadelphia to be sure that he had not stayed over. "They told me you had caught the twelve o'clock train." Jack inquires what it is that bothers Tony, but Judith replies that she doesn't know—he merely seems terribly upset about something.

As she is about to leave she turns and, in a voice full of contrition and pain, tells Jack that she is sorry for the way she treated him the previous day, but that someone had hurt her and made her angry. Jack replies that he understands now and that he is going to put an end to the miserable tangle by leaving.

JUDITH: Do you mean that? But that was the reason I spoke of — the one you wouldn't understand. If I had said yes yesterday, I would have had to make just that condition—that you leave here—your work—your association with Mr. Dorning—and take me quite away.

Jack asks if it is on account of Mrs. Dorning and Judith answers that it is.

JUDITH: But I knew her! I knew how she was treating Mr. Dorning. (*Hesitates.*) One night, about a year ago, my mother and I were coming home, from the bedside of a sick friend, very late at night. On our way we passed the Van Cleve Hotel. (*Jack starts a little.*) Anyone who has had to live in that neighborhood could not fail to know what that place has been. As we passed—on the other side of the street—a woman came out with a man. As she crossed to the taxi, the wind blew back her heavy veil and I saw her face distinctly. It was Mrs. Dorning. Last night—when I heard the engines—and saw that it was the Van Cleve Hotel—— (*Jack looks at her quickly.*)

JACK: There was a fire at the Van Cleve Hotel last night? I haven't seen the papers. What time did it burn?

JUDITH: We heard the bells just as we were sitting down to dinner. It was still smoking this morning. (*Jack stares at her in sudden dismay.*) I think it was that that gave me courage to say what I have—the feeling that one never knows how long one may have to set a mistake right.

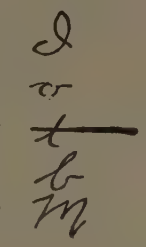
Later Tony comes in—terribly upset and worried. Elise has been out all night. No word from her. He has searched everywhere. Jack suggests that he try some of their friends, and he rushes madly off to resume his search.

JACK (*as Judith returns to the room*): Judith! (*Crumples to his knees.*) Elise—she's gone. Tony can't find her. He'll never find her. I know what has happened to her—and I can't tell him. (*Indicates paper.*) They say only two bodies have been recovered—both burned beyond hope of recognition. Don't you understand? I took Elise to that hotel—

Character
A Drama of Handwriting

THE CAST

The Lead . . . . . Capital
The Villain . . . . . Open
The Heavy . . . . . Long
The Ingenue . . . . . Credulous
The Support . . . . . Angular



Scene: A Business Office

Credulous b: Everybody does it. Why shouldn't we? They say that even ten thousand dollars invested in Skoo-kum Oil Stocks will bring in . . . . oh, maybe a hundred thousand! I've heard that everywhere.

Open o:

And just think how easy it would be to get the money. No one would ever know and we'd put it back as soon as we made the killing.

Long t:

I tell you, I will never allow this to happen. The firm trusts us. Capital I will never hear of it—and I am sure I won't.

Attendants and Chorus:

We are sure we won't, either.

Capital I:

(Stalking onto the scene with a great flourish.) Here, here, what's all this about?

Credulous b, open o and long t:

(All talking at once.) Ten thousand dollars—the firm will never miss it—easy—just a loan—Why shouldn't we do as others—?—a shame—never will hear of it——

Capital I:

Stop! I say *no.*

Open o:

(Insiduously.) If it were not a sure thing, of course, I would never suggest——

Attendants and Chorus: A sure thing, of course.

Long t: (Looking sternly at Capital I.) Don't forget that you and I have had some tough battles in the past and that I have always won.

Angular M:

(Slipping behind Capital I and whispering.) Don't you think that this is rather too—er—hazardous? Let us not listen to o, who is really a bad character; and as for poor b, she is just foolish. You and I and Long t, you know, we are the real leaders here.

Attendants and Chorus:

Of course, you are the real leaders.

Capital I:

(Seizing open o and credulous b and shaking them.) I declare, you are the most trying creatures. I have positively forbidden you to have anything to say and here you are, interfering again. Go and sit down and keep quiet.

(Capital I and long t and angular M go off.)

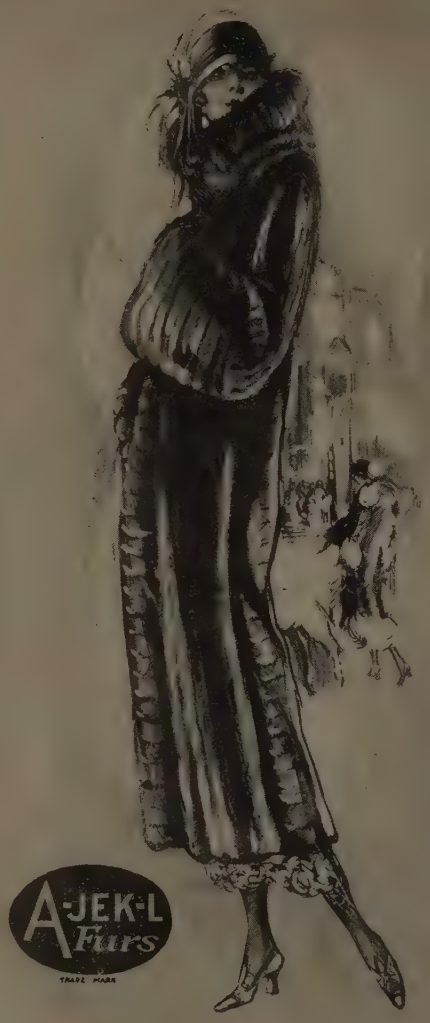
[*Curtain*]

IN this whimsical little skit Miss Louise Rice, the eminent graphologist, illustrates what she might deduce from handwriting containing such formations as those personified. Thus, a long bar to a "t" shows a strong will, a pouting "b" shows a tendency to believe too much, the "o" open at the bottom shows love of money, the angular capital "M" shows conservatism, while the capital "I" stands for the ruling mentality.

Would you like a reading of your handwriting?

Miss Rice is doing very unusual readings of character from handwriting for users of Crane's Linen Lawn and Eaton's Highland Linen. You can get the special graphology boxes of these famous writing papers, together with full details of Miss Rice's character readings, at all stores where good stationery is sold.

EATON, CRANE & PIKE CO., 225 Fifth Avenue, New York



Style

— that important factor of appeal to every discriminating purchaser of Furs, is represented here in a most inviting collection.

Creations just received from Paris, as well as the last word from our own American creators are now ready for your inspection.

"It pays to buy where you buy in safety"

A. JAECKEL & CO.
Furriers Exclusively
Fifth Ave: Between 35th & 36th Sts. New York

last night. (*She gazes at him in horror.*) I left her there. Oh, I came through with my self-respect—theoretically. But it wasn't through any strength of my own. A sudden thought of you—your eyes—the look in them—that's all that saved me. (*He rocks unsteadily.*) God help me! It's as though I killed her. I left her there—on the top floor. We had ordered dinner—she must have stayed. When the fire started, she was caught—I feel it. She's there—dead—and I can't tell Tony.

Judith insists that he tell Tony, but Jack refuses to disillusion his friend. Judith calls it cowardice and says that he is sacrificing his own and her happiness to this fetish of masculine ethics. Still Jack refuses and Judith puts on her hat and leaves. Tony comes back, more distraught than ever, unable to find a trace of his wife.

* * * * * *

A year passes. Jack is still at his desk at Dorning's. It is just one year since Elise's disappearance, and Tony has gone to his wife's rooms—which he has kept intact—and has remained there all day, without a word or message of any kind. Fearing that the man may do some rash act, Jack decided to go and get him out. As he is about to leave Judith appears.

She has been out West, but has come back, hoping to see him and ask his forgiveness. She has fought it out with herself and realizes that he has put himself to a greater torture than most men would endure for the sake of his friend. If there is any way she can help him now she is ready.

Tony appears on the threshold. He recognizes Judith with a faint smile and then gazes across at Jack and steps in the room.

TONY: Jack, I have something I want to say to both you and Judith. (*Puts hand on Jack's shoulder.*) I know Elise is dead. I know how she died—and why. (*Jack does not start—he merely shrinks back, his eyes fastened on Tony's.*) That is why I had to be alone. I had to fight it by myself—put it behind me or not go on at all. (*Pauses.*) You know I kept her rooms just as they were. . . . At the end of the year I saw that that was madness. I forced myself to put my house of memories in order. . . . Her desk I had to break open. It was there I found the truth. I know now that you knew. (*Voice lowers.*) Love letters! I never told you, Jonathan, that two months ago I received a note—unsigned—asking if I had tried to identify any of the . . . of those who died in the fire at the Van Cleve Hotel. It seemed a grotesque sacrilege. But—in those letters—I found the name, Van Cleve. She had been there with more than one man. It was there she must have—— (*He hesitates a moment and then continues.*) My whole world was torn away. I meant to die. And then I found another letter to her from you. (*He goes closer to Jack.*) If Elise was capable of loving anyone—it was you, or she would have destroyed that letter. It wasn't the fact that you had respected my honor that brought me back to sanity again. It was the courage it must have taken to write that note. You tried to keep me from knowing that I loved a woman who didn't exist. (*He turns to Judith.*) Judith, a year ago someone meant to kill me—here in this room. Jack stopped him. And there—in the dark—his letter came between me and death again. Twice he has saved my life. Oh, Judith, isn't he worthy of the love of even the best of women? I have always wished him the happiness that I knew. (*Draws himself up proudly.*) For I was happy. . . . We must never forget that. . . . We need never speak of this again. We will just go forward—now—together.

Through tear-dimmed eyes Judith reaches out her hand to Jack. Tony gazes for a moment wistfully at the two and then turns and slowly walks from the room.

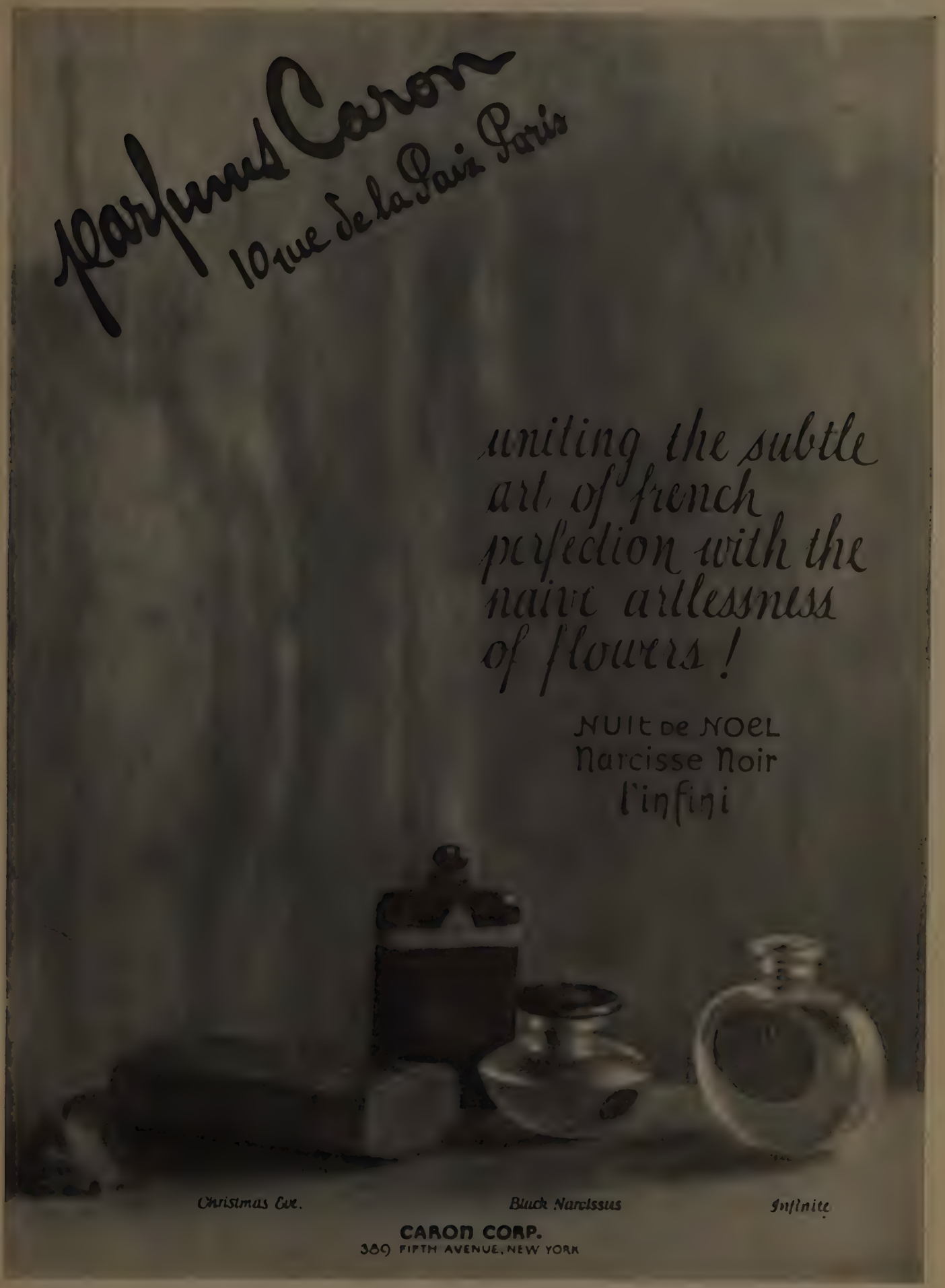
"REGRET"

By EARL CARROLL

Your eyes were brown as autumn leaves.
Your ears like shells from tropic seas.
Your hair as black as Arctic eves.
BUT YOUR HEART HELD NO MORE LOVE THAN MINE!

Your brow was white, like driven snow.
Your cheeks were soft, quite soft (I know!).
Your lips as red as fires aglow.
BUT YOUR HEART HELD NO MORE LOVE THAN MINE!

O arms so molded for embrace!
O wealth of beauty, charm and grace!
You've gone! We both have lost the race.
FOR YOUR HEART HELD NO MORE LOVE THAN MINE!


Parfums Caron
10 rue de la Paix Paris
uniting the subtle art of french perfection with the naive artlessness of flowers!
NUIT de NOEL
Narcisse Noir
l'infini
Christmas Eve.
Black Narcissus
Infinite
CARON CORP.
389 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Delysia

The New
Whiting & Davis
Vanity Mesh Bag

"Si delicieux!" exclaimed charming Alice Delysia. "My 'Delysia' Bag is so new, so artistic, everybody is envious of it."

And no wonder! Beauty and usefulness are exquisitely combined. The compartments, all so compact and accessible, with two mirrors, hold powder and rouge; also a place for money and handkerchief.

Whiting & Davis *"Utility" Mesh Bags* in colors to harmonize with Milady's gown — silver, gold or tapestry mesh — silk-lined, with vanity mirror — are today the most stylish and popular of necessary accessories.

Leading jewelers and jewelry departments have a complete line of Whiting & Davis *Mesh Bags*, ranging in price from $5 to $500. Send for booklet A-8.

Whiting & Davis Company
Plainville, Norfolk County, Massachusetts
In Canada, Sherbrooke, Quebec

"Hand in Hand with Fashion"

Whiting & Davis
Mesh Bags

In the Better Grades, Made of the Famous "Whiting" Soldered Mesh

MOTOR THEATRE BRINGS GOOD DRAMA TO THE FARM

(*Continued from page* 12)

the company as well. Ten people and ten suit-cases (all the personal baggage allowed the actors even for a fourteen weeks' tour), and besides costumes and mirror props, dark-blue curtains for the backdrop, a practicable door and window, supports for the curtain and proscenium, an acetylene lighting plant for hamlets without gas or electricity, and even, on several tours, a little stock of printed plays and books on amateur play-giving.

Somehow, in the most unlikely of places, a theatre is evolved out of the contents of the big gray lorry. Once a performance was given in an ancient tithe-barn in Gloucestershire. It stood in a blossoming orchard. Pigeons fluttered about the dove-cote on its lichened roof. Massive and time-worn, lit by the long English twilight that sifted through its arrow-slit windows, it was one of the most picturesque and artistic settings that the Travelling Theatre has ever enjoyed, and one thoroughly in keeping with the predominantly English and "folksy" nature of its entertainment.

The company is not always so fortunate, for all it demands is some sort of platform, some sort of dressing-room facilities, and some sort of piano—and often it gets little more. In a little Sussex town, the performance was on the verge of cancellation—an eventuality which has never come to pass—when someone suggested playing in the cattle market. True, the floor was mud and the roof tin, and the only "stalls" obtainable were not of the sort that are usually associated with theatregoing. But a regular "show" was given, including Synge's *Riders to the Sea,* and this hamlet, like practically every other which the theatre has visited, asked for a return engagement.

THE CHARM OF THE UNKNOWN

THE need for a novel venture like that of the Arts League of Service is attested by the facts of its tours. When the company started its seasons, a guarantee fund was established, and at first had to be drawn on. In the lean year of 1921, although audiences turned out as usual to see the show, expenses were high and the Carnegie United Kingdom Fund had to come to the rescue for a while. But now—with a bit o' luck—the tours in the year's run pay for themselves, and the company has been able to journey up and down the none-too-broad land of England and Scotland to the extent of over twenty-five thousand miles.

The spirit of the players does much to make the tours possible in the first place. Imagine an ordinary company of actors confronted with long trips in a motor-car in fair weather and foul, warm and cold, restricted to a suit-case of personal belongings each, never knowing from night to night on what sort of stage they will themselves—for there are no mechanics or stage-hands—have to set up proscenium and curtain, backdrop, wings and lights. For shelter they rely on the hospitality of the better-situated people of the towns in which they play, quite like their mumming forebears, and they have never been left out in the cold. Usually their visit is by the arrangement of a local committee; but in any case, the mayor, the local clergyman, a wealthy farmer, or some "county family" puts them up.

PERILS OF UNLIGHTED ROADS

OFTEN, though, a night journey over uncharted roads is necessary to complete a stage in the itinerary. Once in sleepy Dorset, while the busy company took down the Travelling Theatre and packed it away in the lorry, the audience, satisfied but weary, drifted off to feather beds and brass warming pans. When the caravan started, not a light was to be seen anywhere, and only sheer luck saved the car and its occupants from going over a cliff into the sea at the end of a wrong turning.

The players are necessarily a versatile lot, too, and not only in the sense of being able to turn from acting to scene-shifting and to putting on a new rim. In the current repertory, one of the men is down for parts in seven out of nine plays, in two folk-song groups, and in a poetic scene by Fiona Macleod (the librettist of Rutland Boughton's operas). One of the women of the company has parts in five plays, two folk-song groups, and two mimed scenes with masks; another in one play, two dances, three folk-songs, and an operetta—the last the time-honored Dorset *O Jan! O Jan! O Jan!* which Thomas Hardy arranged for the last festival of the Hardy Players in Dorchester.

At the same time, these people are not amateurs or fledglings from the dramatic schools. Practically all of them have gone through the rigors of several seasons in the larger English stock companies: the Glasgow Birmingham, and Manchester Repertory players, and organizations under the management of Sir Frank Benson, Granville Barker, or Nigel Playfair. Hermione Baddeley has for the present left the Travelling Theatre to go into the company that is giving Galsworthy's new drama *The Forest* at a West End theatre in London. Her sister Muriel Baddeley, an alumna of the Arts League group, was in the record-breaking *Beggar's Opera* production at the Lyric in Hammersmith. One of the men has been favorably known to New York audiences in the past few seasons: Moffat Johnston, who was in the Theatre Guild's *Back to Methusaleh* and in Pirandello's *Three Characters in Search of an Author.* A few are "discoveries"; these and the experienced players as well

U. S. Royal Cord Balloon Tires give a car owner all the advantages of low air-pressure tire equipment plus certain distinct advantages of their own.

They are—

1—Accurate balance

2—Special tread scientifically designed for flexible side-wall low air-pressure tires

3—Latex-treated cord construction—developed, patented and owned by the makers of U. S. Tires.

Taken together they provide additional safety at high speeds—easier handling at all speeds—easier steering at low speeds—greater flexibility and strength—a necessary requisite of low air-pressure tire equipment.

U. S. Royal Cord Balloon Tires are made for 20, 21 and 22 inch rims.

U. S. Royal Cord Balloon-Type Tires for the larger wheel and rim equipment on cars not originally equipped with balloon tires.

Trade Mark

United States Rubber Company

U.S.Royal Cord Balloon Tires

Built of Latex-treated Cords

UNITED STATES TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES

Tre-Jur's

Treasure chest of compacts designed to fill every need!

Which will be Yours?

THE "TRIPLE"

A compact that combines powder, rouge and lip-stick in one delightful little case. At a touch—the famous "sliding drawer" reveals lip-stick—and rouge. Price, $1.25.

"THE PURSE-SIZE TWIN"

Powder and Rouge ingeniously presented in a little case that *snuggles comfortably into the smallest purse.* Priced at $1.

THE "THINEST"

A compact of handy circumference with *no more depth than a seaside vamp.* Yet it yields an ample supply of powder and contains a full-sized puff. Price, $1.

THE "PETITE SINGLE"

A generous compact and refill. The case is of gun-metal and inconspicuously beautiful. With extra refill, the Petite costs $1.

ALL Tre-Jur Compacts contain a quality of powder and cosmetic that will delight the most delicate skin. They are scented with Joli-Memoire —*a perfume that is singularly alluring!*

Sold everywhere in your own shade of powder and rouge. Or by mail from us on receipt of price. Refills always available.

THE HOUSE OF TRE-JUR, 19 WEST 18th ST., NEW YORK

TRE-JUR

October—Twenty-Four Years Ago

THIS month, twenty-four years ago: Edward H. Sothern made his first appearance on the 14th at the Garden Theatre in Justin Huntly McCarthy's poetic play, *If I Were King.* Cecilia Loftus played the leading feminine rôle.

Charles Hawtrey, distinguished English comedian, made his first appearance before an American audience in *A Message from Mars* at the Garrick October 7.

Maude Adams was first seen in *Quality Street,* which proved one of her greatest hits.

David Warfield continued with great success at the Bijou as Simon Levi in *The Auctioneer.*

Mrs. Fiske took over the old Standard Theatre, Thirty-third Street and Sixth Avenue, renaming it the Manhattan. Her opening bill was A. E. W. Mason's adaptation of Mrs. Crawford Flexner's novel, *Miranda of the Balcony.*

Tolstoi's sombre drama, *The Power of Darkness,* was presented in Yiddish in the Bowery, with Jacob Adler in the rôle of Nikita.

Heinrich Conried, manager of the Irving Place Theatre, scored a local success with the German farce, *Ein Unbeschriebenes Blatt.*

J. H. Stoddard, famous character actor, made a hit as old Lachlan Campbell in the stage version of *The Bonnie Brier Bush.*

James K. Hackett was starring in *Don Cæsar's Return,* by Victor Mapes.

Richard Mansfield opened his season October 7 in Philadelphia in *Monsieur Beaucaire.*

The Liberty Belles, musical comedy by Harry B. Smith and Aimé Lachaume, was seen at the Madison Square.

Sadie Martinot was starring in Clyde Fitch's comedy, *The Marriage Game,* adapted from Augier's *Le Mariage d'Olympe.*

Augustus Thomas, whose breezy drama, *Arizona,* was running at the Academy of Music, announced a new play entitled *Colorado.*

Ethel Barrymore was starring in Clyde Fitch's play, *Capt. Jinks of the Horse Marines.*

E. S. Willard opened in Montreal in a new play by Louis N. Parker called *The Cardinal.*

Mme. Pilar Morin, clever French pantomimist, was having great success at Proctor's as Mme. Butterfly.

Louis Mann and Clara Lipman were starring in a play of Dutch life called *The Red Kloof.*

Francis Wilson in *The Strollers* (1900)

John Drew was playing in Capt. Marshall's comedy, *The Second in Command.*

William Faversham was making his first appearance as a star in Du Maurier's play, *A Royal Rival.*

James T. Powers was amusing Broadway in *The Messenger Boy.*

Julia Marlowe was starring the "provinces" in *When Knighthood Was in Flower.*

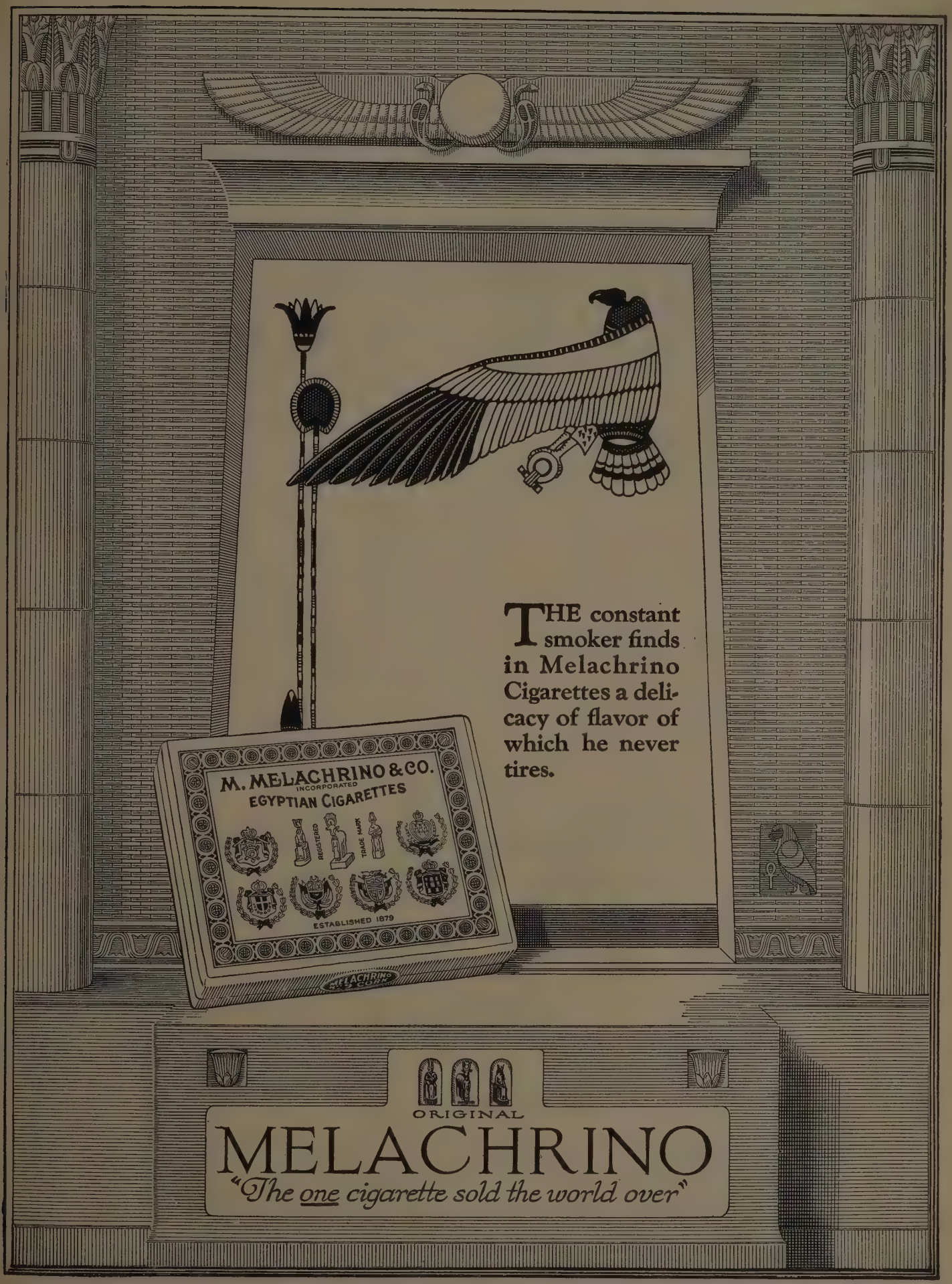
Sir Henry Irving, accompanied by his co-star, Ellen Terry, was again touring America in *King Charles I, Louis XI* and other plays of his repertoire.

Bertha Galland was making her first bow as a star in a dramatization of Maurice Hewlett's romance, *The Forest Lovers.*

Andrew Mack scored a hit as a star in Theodore Burt Sayre's play, *Tom Moore,* a dramatization of the life of the famous Irish poet.

The Castle Square Opera Company drew crowds of music-lovers to the Broadway Theatre with their performances of *La Bohême, Aida,* etc., in English.

Part of the famous *Florodora* Double Sextet, which took Broadway by storm at the Casino season 1900-01. No bare legs in this chorus!


THE constant smoker finds in Melachrino Cigarettes a delicacy of flavor of which he never tires.
M. MELACHRINO & CO.
INCORPORATED
EGYPTIAN CIGARETTES
REGISTERED
TRADE MARK
ESTABLISHED 1879
ORIGINAL
MELACHRINO
"The one cigarette sold the world over"

B & O Terminal, Locust Point, Baltimore, Maryland Photo by Fairchild Aerial Camera Corporation

Bond Values seen and unseen

WELL chosen Railroad, Terminal and Equipment Bonds are secured by tangible values. They are further protected by the earnings of roads meeting the country's needs for expansion and development.

You can select desirable, high-grade railroad bonds from our Current List which will be sent upon request.

THE NATIONAL CITY COMPANY
NATIONAL CITY BANK BUILDING
NEW YORK

The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York

You will find offices in more than 50 leading cities in the United States, Canada and abroad

BONDS SHORT TERM NOTES ACCEPTANCES

can benefit more from a few tours with the Arts League outfit, where they must take "straight" parts and mime and dance and sing in the bargain, than from doing a single bit for a whole year in some London success. Their freshness and spirit on the few occasions when they have indulged in a London "run" won them well-filled houses there even in slack seasons.

The Arts League of Service itself has an ambitious program of "bringing the arts into relation with everyday life" which extends beyond the establishment of the Travelling Theatre. It has rooms in London, where it holds discussion meetings and lectures for its members on music, painting, sculpture, and literature, and it is prepared to advise amateurs in the provinces on the formation of local groups, the giving of concerts, dramatic entertainments and the like. The last service has been given a considerable impetus by the work of the Travelling Theatre, whose appearance in some village miles away from a railway or a town with regular amusements is often followed by letters to headquarters asking for help in the formation of a permanent literary society.

For this purpose, the League has formed a council of artists and persons in public life, whose membership list includes the names of St. John Ervine, J. Middleton Murray, Siegfried Sassoon, T. S. Eliot, Eugène Goossens, Wyndham Lewis, George Lansbury, Laurence Binyon, and many others. The Travelling Theatre, however, has won the greatest measure of popular support. The presence of musicians' and plastic artists' names on the council list, has had an important direct influence on the productions of the dramatic company, for these people have in many cases made themselves responsible for the musical settings, the costumes and properties, and the staging of the productions which are carried about in the big gray lorry.

After all, bringing good entertainment into the almost stagnating quiet of the country village is the League's most important departure. The city is almost too well provided with food for the mind and the soul. Certainly the hamlet absorbs what it gets with far greater eagerness. This is common experience, and the Travelling Theatre's work shows what can be done with a better sort of amusement.

"SAY SOMETHING NICE ABOUT ME, OLD CHAP"

(*Continued from page* 20)

underestimate the reasons back of an adverse opinion. They are quick to justify themselves if the reviewer has not praised them. Sometimes they are quite right in opinion. Again they fail to take stock of their own performance and discover its faults. But I believe there would be less use of the cant expression, "after all it's only one man's opinion," if the actor understood the critic and the critic knew the actor. I believe with this knowledge the writer would be less swayed by the influence of a vivid personality on the stage. I believe much of the present miasma of distrust would be dissipated. I believe if there were a real bond, the critic would examine acting with more thoroughness and hesitate to pronounce snap judgment. I have faith enough in the integrity of the intelligent actor to think he would make no effort to disturb the critic's judgment. Because of this present distrust the actor sometimes injures his cause by seeking to ingratiate himself with the person who may write about him. And the critic who hesitates to score a bad performance because of personal friendliness for the actor should take courage. No actor will pause in letting the critic know whether or not he has written a just review.

Study acting a lifetime and the detached observer still may know nothing about it. I believe it more difficult to apprehend than the sister arts. Its ultimate simplicity is achieved by a mass of minute complexities? And how is the critic to know how results are secured unless he comprehends the means? Only the slipshod critic forbears to give the actors their rightful place in a review. They are the foundation as well as the decorative work of the structure he examines.

Until the critic understands more than a few tenets of acting, he will continue to confuse part and player, to praise too highly the actor or actress who flashes before him a bag of tricks, and to ignore conscientious playing in which the portrayer seeks to fit character to ensemble and the mood of the author's intent.

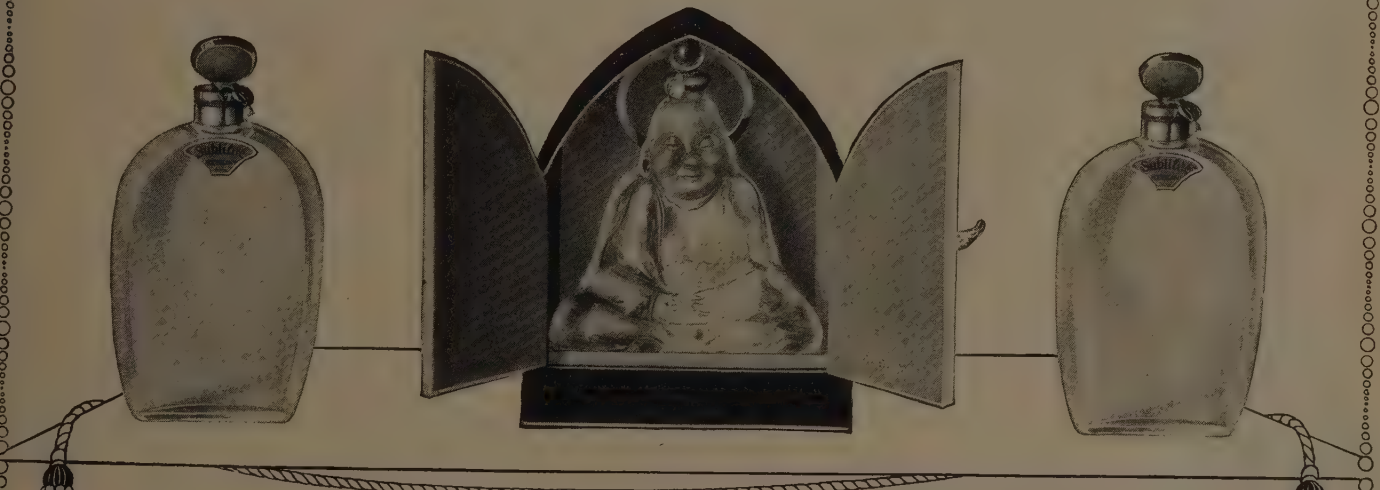
It does not follow that if the critic knew the actor better there would be universal agreement. Nothing succeeds like an enterprise about which there is honest difference of opinion. But there would be a friendlier feeling and less antagonism. Even the mistakes of the critic might be forgiven. Like the actor he is but human. The strong prejudices and beliefs which should animate the critic are certain to lead him astray now and again. On the other hand, what actor but at some time in his career gave a bad performance? Something might be gained in tolerance through mutual association. It certainly would make the critic more valuable to his public. For unless he steeps himself in the theatre, "despairs deeply," exults, sympathizes with the problem of the producer and the purpose of the actor, he is of less use than he fancies. He should be anything but the alien creature that theorists would make him.

HOUBIGANT

PARIS

the leading french perfumer

For
150
Years



Subtilite Perfume, $8.50

Subtilité—de luxe (Buddha), $12.50

Subtilité Perfume, $8.50

Introducing the new Houbigant perfume "Subtilité." It is a delightful odor, delicate and original—created for the woman who wishes an individual and exclusive fragrance. It comes in an attractive two-ounce bottle charmingly boxed, or in a crystal Buddha enshrined in a black silk case.

HOUBIGANT INC. 16, West 49th Street, New York. 46, St. Alexandre St. Montréal

IF certain scientific facts—that are known to every well-informed physician—could be explained to all women, the use of poisonous, burning disinfectants in feminine hygiene would cease abruptly and forever.

These facts are known as the result of clinical and biological investigations by leading scientists. They can no more be disputed than that 2 and 2 are 4.

Here are the facts: Poisonous, caustic compounds, even when heavily diluted with water, corrode, irritate and harden the tissues and membrane of the human body The continued use of such poisons, at any real germicidal strength, produces an area of scar tissue, with lasting, irreparable injury to the delicate membrane and tissues with which they come in contact.

The one excuse for the use of poisons in feminine hygiene was this: All known antiseptics with great germ killing power were of a poisonous, irritating character. Women were forced to use such things or do without protection from germ life.

The above is no longer true. As the result of a discovery made during the World War, we now have an antiseptic with great germ killing power that is non-poisonous and non-irritating.

Zonite is this new form of antiseptic, prepared for general use. Although it has far greater germ killing power than carbolic acid, it may be used frequently and freely on the tissues of the body with no harmful effects whatever. Authorities are urging its adoption for feminine hygiene by all women.

Zonite is a colorless liquid that destroys odors promptly and leaves no lasting odor of its own. It has many important and necessary uses in the practice of preventive medicine in the home. No modern household can afford to be without it. Ask your doctor.

In Bottles 50c and $1.00 Druggists Everywhere

Zonite Products Co. (*Women's Div.*)
342 Madison Ave., New York.
Please send me free copy of the Zonite Feminine Hygiene Booklet.

.....

.....

M

THE MEN WHO WRITE THE HITS

(*Continued from page* 10)

the home was being washed away, refused, in his terror, to seek refuge elsewhere. In his false mood of exaltation he continued to pray, lost his life, and the others were saved. I had all this in mind when I wrote *Hell-Bent fer Heaven.* It was true character, revealed through cataclysmic events."

At this point Hatcher Hughes spoke of what he considers the new and effective stage character. His ideas regarding plays of the future differ radically from those of other young playwrights who dominate Broadway to-day, and if he carries them out in his new plays, they will strike a unique note in structure and material.

"The reason I believe in dealing with dramatic incident is because I don't think that you can bring out character so effectively in any other way as you can by placing people in dramatic situations. You don't find out so much about people until you get them in extraordinary situations. In such circumstances they reveal their true natures.

"I think that every one who has had anything to do with drama in America has been influenced by naturalistic drama, as is the case in Europe. Playwrights, when they tried to get away from the old-fashioned, artful method of the nineteenth century, naturally went to the other extreme. They thought that the thing to do, for a change, in this period of discontent with the old form of drama was to dramatize the natural and the every-day. Since the old plays dealt with romantic characters, lords and ladies, kings and queens, they decided to abandon these courtly creatures and dramatize the ordinary man. The result was the drama of the under dog.

"After the Hauptmann plays, in which ladies were made to suffer and suffer and suffer, there was a reaction from all this sentimentalism. The crude working man and woman held the boards. The people are tiring of the slums and the mediocre. I believe that both literature and the drama ultimately will swing away from dealing with sub-mediocre people in ordinary circumstances and will introduce exceptional people in exceptional circumstances. There will be more books and plays of adventure. Many people like to see the unusual. They are the ones who believe as I do, that life is not worth while unless you are willing to take a big chance. I, personally, am not interested in life while playing it safe."

Mr. Hughes' first play was *Wake Up, Jonathan,* in which Mrs. Fiske appeared. This was written in collaboration with Elmer Rice. *Hell-Bent fer Heaven,* which won the distinction of capturing the Pulitzer prize, was his second Broadway production. Before he started playwriting, Mr. Hughes attended the University of North Carolina, taught for two years in the Department of English at that university, then came to Columbia to take graduate work. He was Professor Brander Matthews' assistant and in 1913 he originated the course in playwriting. Since that time he has been connected with the University of Columbia as instructor in playwriting and lecturer on modern drama.

His sports and hobbies are many and diversified.

"I like hunting, trout fishing, riding and amateur farming," he explains. "I have had a farm in the Berkshires for five years and write my plays in a studio in the woods. I am leaving town to-morrow to start work on a new one. Who will produce it? That rests with the gods and —the managers."

M U S I C

(*Continued from page* 34)

his tuition paid with any teacher he may choose, provided that teacher is on the Foundation's list. But the Foundation's aid will not end here, for as soon as the young musician is ready he will be booked on a tour of the various colleges and music schools and for this will be paid a salary. It is Dr. Noble's belief that pupils often learn more and are raised to greater efforts by hearing young artists of talent play or sing than they would be by the established virtuosi, who too often overpower them by their prestige and technical prowess. At all events, it is a worth-while experiment and one which will be followed with eager watchfulness by all who have the interests of American music at heart.

DISPATCHES from Europe indicate that the world première of Puccini's new opera, *Turandot,* will take place at the Metropolitan Opera House and that the composer himself will be here for the rehearsals, but it is not said whether this will occur during the coming season or the one following. Puccini is of all living composers one of the most leisurely in his work, though the late appearance of *Turandot* is largely due to the fact that he did not seem to be able to make progress with the Shakespearean subject dealing with Christopher Sly, on which he had been engaged for several years. English-speaking audiences will regret his change of plan, for a Shakespearean opera would be a welcome novelty.

How Many Inches Do You Want to Lose Next Week From Waist and Hips?

How would you like to be two to three inches thinner in waist, hips and thighs one week from today? The Madame X self-massaging girdle actually takes off 3 to 10 inches and makes you *look* thinner the moment you put it on. No starving diets—No tiring exercises—No dangerous medicines—No weakening baths. Removes fat while you walk, play, work or sit.

HERE is the scientific Madame X Girdle that slenderizes your figure the moment you put it on! That instantly gives you fashion's trim, graceful lines and actually reduces your waist and hips almost "while you wait!" Makes you *look* thin while *getting* thin.

For the Madame X, which is worn over the undergarment as a corset, fits you as smoothly and snugly as a kid glove, and is so constructed that it fits right into the figure and touches and gently massages every inch of the surface continually. See how it holds in the hips and thighs as well as the abdomen. How is comes well up over the diaphragm and supports the muscles of the back and sides, helping prevent fatigue. The front cut-out insures perfect comfort while you sit, work or play. And the special lacing in the back makes it easy to adjust as you become more slender. The garters hold the Madame X firmly in place, so that while you may enjoy a maximum freedom of motion, your entire figure is held in firmly and the body is kept erect and well-poised.

What They Say

"I think the reducing girdle is fine. I reduced 7 inches in hips and thighs and 5 inches in the waist."
(Miss) Ella Corby,
425 North Main St.,
Norwich, Conn.

"I have reduced my waist to 29 inches from 36. I wear the girdle all day and wouldn't be without it."
Mrs. E. G. Dahueka,
3140 California St.,
Berkeley, Calif.

"The Madame X is too wonderful for words. I was 51 around my waist—now I am 39. My hips were 66 before using the girdle and are now 49."
Mrs. Vida Sheidler,
146 West Simonton St.,
Elkhart, Ind.

"Have been wearing the Madame X Girdle for three weeks. Have taken 5 inches from my waist and 4½ inches from hips. No more corsets for me."
(Miss) Belle Folsom,
517 Main St.,
Watsonville, Calif.

Actually Massages Away Fat

Madame X Reducing Girdle is built on scientific massage principles that have caused reductions of 5, 10, 20 pounds in an amazingly short time. It is made of dry heat cured, resilient, "live" rubber, especially designed for reducing purposes and strong enough to really hold you in. The rubber is the same kind that is recommended by famous athletic coaches and Health authorities as a safe and healthy way to reduce.

The Madame X is worn over the undergarment so that no rubber touches you. Yet, with every breath, with every step, with every little motion it actually massages away the fat! For through your undergarment the live rubber gently grips and kneads the excess fat so it is actually eased away. Only *live* rubber can produce this marvelous "unconscious massage."

Try It On Today

Once you try on the Madame X you won't want to take it off. See how it makes you look more slender at once. Enjoy the comfort and the sense of ease and poise it gives you. Why not go to the nearest dealer and see this remarkable girdle for yourself? Try it on and see how you like it—no obligation.

The Madame X Brassiere

Also be sure to see the Madame X Brassiere, which does for the upper figure what the Girdle does for waist, hips and thighs.

Write for Free Booklet, "The New Healthful Way to Reduce," which explains in detail how the Madame X makes you *look* thin while *getting* thin. Address Dept. G-14610.

MADAME X COMPANY, Inc.
410 Fourth Avenue, New York City

New Hand-Turned Hem Prevents Splitting or Tearing

On Sale At All Leading Stores Where Corsets Are Sold

Madame X Reducing Girdle

Makes You Look Thin While Getting Thin

WESTERN DISTRIBUTORS: I. NEWMAN & SONS Inc. CHICAGO ···· CANADIAN DISTRIBUTORS: DOMINION CORSET COMPANY LTD. QUEBEC.

TWO FOR TO-NIGHT?

(*Continued from page 24*)

individual who invested an approximate sum of thirty-five dollars or so for letter-heads with the imposing name of a new magazine emblazoned across it, a two-color affair. He sent these around to every publicity agent in town, explaining he had been appointed dramatic editor of this periodical and would devote at least five pages to reviews and picture layouts. Naturally when he called up, requesting seats, most of the press-agents received him warmly. This went on for a period of two months, when a suspicious press impresario made an investigation and discovered the office of this imposing magazine was but a ten-dollar-a-month desk-room. Thus did the bubble burst for this ingenious pass hound, but not until he had grafted his way into every show in town. The press-agents tried to figure out what this impostor got for his probable investment of thirty-five dollars, and they concluded his returns in theatre tickets netted him in the neighborhood of $300.

THE FIRST NIGHT LIST

DO not for a moment be misled that the problem of issuing seats to recognized critics, dramatic editors, feature writers, artists and others is in a chaotic state, or that the press-agent is forever bungling the situation. Nothing could be further from the truth. The difficulty to be surmounted lies not with the honest newspaperman but with the impostor. Every producing firm has what is known as a first-night list and a second-night list. Whenever a new play is to be unfurled, the critics and play reviewers are drawn from these lists. The first-night list takes care of every important metropolitan critic as well as the reviewers on the more important weeklies and monthly magazines. On the second-night list are included the critics of the lesser metropolitan dailies and the editors of the secondary periodicals. Of course, the list varies slightly in each producing office. Some firms will keep names on their first-night list which others usually reserve for the second-night list and *vice versa*. In some instances invitations are extended to the managing and city editors of the big New York newspapers for the première or second-night performance. It is after these important individuals are properly cared for that the pass hound or pseudo newspaper man takes the stage.

New York being the theatrical center of the country, most newspaper syndicate and out-of-town theatrical correspondents make their headquarters here. There are so many of these syndicates and such an imposing array of correspondents covering the theatres for their respective home-town dailies and weeklies, it is a job to separate the real from the unreal. The press-agent is acquainted with a majority of the legitimate reporters, but as stated before, changes in the newspaper profession take place overnight, and this, coupled with the ever-increasing number of syndicates and correspondents, make the effort of detecting the spurious ones a trying task. This problem could easily be remedied by closing the doors to the out-of-town reporter, but it must be remembered New York is but one city in scores in the United States and that after a show closes here it takes to the road. It is to acquaint the people in the provinces of the worthiness of the product that the out-of-town publicity becomes so valuable. Producers of a New York hit want the reports of their shows to seep into every hamlet, for even if the Broadway cast does not play the town in its road itinerary, it is likely a second, third, fourth or even fifth company may. Then, too, there is the matter of the movies to consider. Most plays, sooner or later, slip into celluloid form, and the movie rights are proportioned in dollars quite often in exact ratio to its popularity and publicity throughout the nation.

The syndicate man and out-of-town reporter is an important adjunct to the New York theatre. He is welcomed in the theatrical office by the press-agent. It is because of him that the pass hound gets in his deadly work. Were a press-agent but to care for the New York fraternity of critics and reporters, he could catalog them in the twinkling of an eye.

WANTED TICKETS PUNCHED

PERHAPS an explanation of the why and wherefore of the pass hound can be elicited from the following story. I believe it furnishes an insight into human nature which may satisfactorily supply the key to the situation. A man approached the box-office of a certain theatre where one of the biggest musical-comedy hits was housed. He asked for two seats and shoved the regular box-office price across the counter. As the treasurer was about to place the tickets in the small envelope, the patron said:

"Won't you please punch the tickets for me? You know, put holes in them."

The treasurer looked up, surprised at this unusual request. "What's the idea?" he asked. "These are not passes."

"I know that," returned the other, "that is why I want them punched. I want the people I'm giving them to to think I have such a strong pull with the producers that I'm favored with free seats for even a hit like this. You see, I'm a manufacturer and am always entertaining out-of-town buyers. You'd be surprised what an important man they think me if I can get passes, and how much more business I get out of them as a result."

A phonograph to play your favorite music for you always

The music of the air at the turn of a lever

A Great Advancement in Radio

The BRUNSWICK RADIOLA

Combining the world-famous Brunswick Phonograph with the superlative achievements in radio, the Radiola Super-Heterodyne and Regenoflex—*an entirely NEW conception* of the musical possibilities of Radio

HERE is the newest and most remarkable of all musical instruments.

An instrument proclaimed by world's musical and educational authorities the outstanding musical achievement of the day.

Whatever may be your conception of the musical possibilities of radio, or of *complete* and *permanent* home entertainment, you are urged to hear it.

All of the music of all the world at your command — What it is

Combined in joint effort by the leader in musical reproduction with the leader in radio, the Brunswick Radiola offers the ultimate in a phonograph, the ultimate in radio in a single instrument.

At a turn of the lever, you have radio's greatest thrill, the amazing Super-Heterodyne or Regenoflex to bring the mysteries of the air into your home, tonal possibilities multiplied by the famous Brunswick Method of Reproductions, which now does for radio what it did for music!

At another turn, you have the recorded music of all time at your command—your favorite records played as only a Brunswick can play them.

Nothing in music—music in the making, the current triumphs of famous artists of the New Hall of Fame, the music of yesterday, today, tomorrow—is beyond your reach. Consider what this means to you; the advantages it offers to your children.

A scientific creation—not a makeshift. Hence, permanent

The Brunswick Radiola occupies immeasurably a unique position in the world of musical art.

Not a makeshift, simply a radio receiver set in a phonograph, but a perfected, tested and proved combination. An instrument you can buy with positive and absolute assurance of lasting satisfaction throughout the years to come.

Moderate prices—liberal terms of payment—instruments now on display

So as to bring this instrument within the means of every home, many different types and styles have been developed—and liberal terms of payment provided.

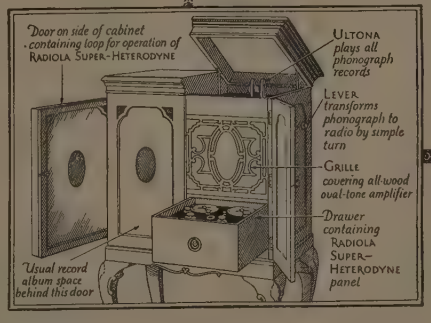
Some are priced as low as $190, embodying the master craftsmanship in cabinet work which characterizes Brunswick.

Some embody the noted Radiola Super-Heterodyne. Others the Radiola Regenoflex, the Radiola No. 3 and 3A.

The Brunswick Radiola Super-Heterodyne

—some remarkable features:

1. Requires no outside antennæ—no ground wires. Move it from room to room — plays wherever you place it.
2. Amazing selectivity permitting you to "cut out" what you *don't* want to hear and *pick out* instantly what you do. Consider what this means in big centers.
3. Combines the superlative in radio with the superlative in phonographic reproduction—a phonograph and a radio in one.


Door on side of cabinet containing loop for operation of RADIOLA SUPER-HETERODYNE
ULTONA plays all phonograph records
LEVER transforms phonograph to radio by simple turn
GRILLE covering all-wood oval-tone amplifier
Drawer containing RADIOLA SUPER-HETERODYNE panel
Usual record album space behind this door

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.
Manufacturers—Established 1845

© B. B. C. Co., 1924

See now at Brunswick dealers so as to be sure of delivery

Advance models are now on display at your local Brunswick dealer's.

To be sure of getting one of these instruments, *choose now.*

Special demonstrations, day and night, at the "Sign of Musical Prestige"—your Brunswick dealer.

Brunswick
PHONOGRAPHS . RECORDS . RADIOLAS

JOUIR

Created for that woman to whom the secret allure of a delicate and subtle perfume is the supreme touch of her toilette

FIORET INC

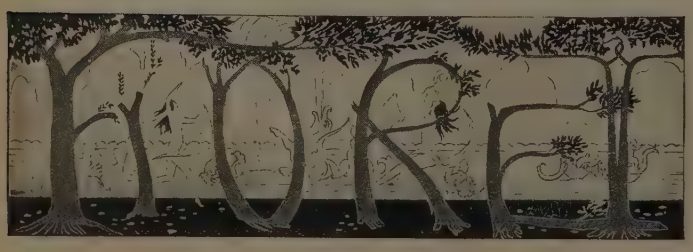
"FEE-O-RAY"

8, Rue Ybry, Neuilly — PARIS

677 Fifth Avenue — NEW YORK

Parfums *Poudres*

Exhibited at Distinguished Shops



THE VANITY BOX

·BY·ANNE·ARCHBALD·

YOU should like the new musical comedy, *Marjorie,* at The Shubert. And you should come from it feeling very pleased with the world. Everyone in the company radiates such an atmosphere of happiness across the footlights. Elizabeth Hines, the star, smiles merrily throughout the play, and Roy Royston, the young Englishman who plays opposite her, beams away, and Ethel Shutta smiles her beautiful white smile underneath her blonde bob and enchants the audience with her comedy and her dancing, especially in the "boxing" dance.

She is an attractive person to encounter off the stage, Miss Shutta, what with her cordial manner, and being quite, quite easy to look at. The bob and the smile I've already mentioned. Besides that she has a golden blonde complexion, with a faint rose-pink flush in her cheeks. We met Miss Shutta originally at a dress rehearsal, and after the first Saturday matinée of *Marjorie* went back to her dressing-room to congratulate her. Rapidly getting into her street clothes, she asked us to sit down while she completed the process, and so we did, never averse to the chance of picking up a possible beauty secret. One always does with a pretty and alert actress.

Not only did we pick up one, but two.

The first was concerned with that faint rose-pink flush we had admired so much. When Miss Shutta had removed her stage make-up and came to putting on her make-up for the street she reached for a small gilt box and skilfully dabbed from it a bit of rouge for either cheek. Now, of course, we are not from the back woods nor were we born yesterday, and we know that we all use rouge. But really that color in Miss Shutta's cheeks had looked so much her own, we were entirely unsuspecting.

"We suppose it's because that particular rouge fits in with your particular kind of skin," we remarked to Miss Shutta.

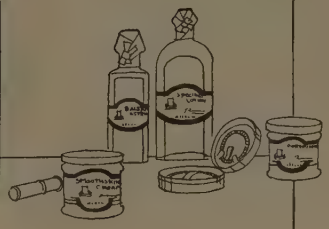
But no, she didn't think so. In fact, she was quite positive about it, because several actresses she knew who used this same rouge had quite different types of skin and coloring from hers and yet it looked just as natural with them as it did with her. That was the beauty of this particular rouge that it had some trick, or magic, for blending with every skin. Of course there were different shades to be had, and you must be sure to get the one that belonged to you. "It goes on so easily, too," added Miss Shutta, finishing off with a light film of powder.

Then she removed from an interesting looking bottle of perfume an expensive seeming gold cap, moistened her handkerchief and the edge of her lace collar, and asked us if we would like to try a bit of a new perfume from Paris—"a new perfume by an old firm," as she described it.

The name of the firm had long been familiar to us through hearsay, but chance had never brought us face to face with any of their perfumes before, and we were very glad to try one. It was delicious, one of those perfumes which are indescribable but appeal instantly to the emotions, its delicious name being *Cœur de Paris.*

Monday morning found us at a perfume counter preparing to purchase a bottle. We were asked, however, whether we would not prefer *La Femme en Noir* by the same author, or the *Maharajah of Kapurthala,* or the very, very newest, *The Miracle.* Finding each more delicious than the last, we hesitated long between them, especially hovering between our first love, *Cœur de Paris,* and *The Miracle,* but finally succumbing to the latter, the freshest and gayest of odors, reflecting the perfume of all the Easter flowers.

For the name of the rouge used by Miss Shutta, that of the French perfumer making the perfumes mentioned above, and where they all may be purchased, write The Vanity Box, care THEATRE MAGAZINE, *2 West 45th Street, New York City.*



Molding Unwelcome Lines Away

Face Molding, originated by Primrose House, improves the texture, color and firmness of your skin in a perfectly natural manner, because the molding follows and stimulates the natural course of the circulation. It reaches the muscles of the face and neck, working directly on them to strengthen them, and actually prevents sagging, lines and wrinkles.

New and lasting beauty results not only from the special molding motion—so radically different from massage—but also from the delightful Primrose House Preparations which are used for this treatment.

The Face Molding treatment is based upon exact knowledge of facial anatomy and muscle structure, acquired through years of scientific experience. Thousands of intelligent women have found it remarkably effective. You can easily give yourself this treatment, by following the carefully planned instructions contained in our interesting booklet, "Here Dwells Youth."

The improvement in your appearance after your first Face Molding treatment will give you some idea of the wonders which ten minutes a day will work! Your color improves, your face is firmer, your skin has more life.

The sagging, heavy, drooping muscles that cause the double chin are lifted and their elasticity restored. The limp muscles of a flabby, wrinkled neck are made firm and resilient, and youthful contour is regained.

Face molding lifts and strengthens the mouth corners and counteracts the droop of the lips. It soothes and stimulates the underlying muscles till the plastic, grateful tissues feel firm, alive, resistant, and the mouth looks happy and young.

It tones up relaxed muscles under and around the eyes, removes puffiness, smoothes out the network of little wrinkles, signals of increasing age, illness and fatigue.

Knots of tension and creases in the brow, those little worry lines that show in nearly every face, and other flaws that mar beauty, all these are magically removed.

Each day as you grow older, the muscles are relaxing.

Start today to give yourself this constructive, scientific treatment that is keeping so many women attractively young.

Primrose House Preparations, for the Face Molding treatment and for every other need in the care and beautifying of the skin, hands and hair, are sold at selected stores throughout the country, where Face Molding treatment charts are free for the asking.

The new edition of our booklet, "Here Dwells Youth," contains the latest and most improved ways of restoring and developing beauty and individuality. Write today for a free copy. The head of our staff of graduate nurses will be glad to advise you confidentially by correspondence, without charge.

Primrose House

3 EAST 52nd ST. NEW YORK

Department E-7

Youthful Contours!

Permanent Reduction of Busts and Double Chins!

The day of voluptuous curves has passed! No more large busts—no flabby flesh—no double chins. *Every* woman longs for a slim and boyish figure. *You can have a graceful, active body—the face and form of radiant Youth!*

I can refresh and tighten stretched-out muscles—and help you to regain the slenderness your heart desires.

With thirteen years of study and continuous practice, I have perfected a method of treatment which—in connection with my preparations—gives permanent results and is absolutely harmless—in fact, it greatly improves your general health while restoring your Youthful face and figure.

To those who cannot come to New York, I will send a chart to be filled out and returned so that I may scientifically analyze your case and be able to give you the most explicit instructions for home treatment.

Bust Absorbent Lotion *(for a sagging bust)* $5
Double Chin Absorbent Lotion *(for a flabby chin)* $5
Cleansing Oil *(Ideal Cleanser—no massage necessary)* $5
Skin Food—Special Heavy *(for dry and wrinkled skin)* $5
Astringent Lotion *(for large pores and oily skin)* $5
Face Powder *(all shades—extra heavy—adheres freely)* $5
Acne Salve *(to dry up acne and pimples)* $2
Bleaching Lotion *(for dark, swarthy skin)* $2
Liquid Powder *(for evening use)* $2

Agencies Wanted Everywhere for my Preparations.

Marjorie Dork
Face and Form Specialist
3 East 47th Street
New York
Phone Murray Hill 0545

LONDON PLAYS TO THRILL BROADWAY

(*Continued from page* 9)

in the play—the husband, admirably acted in London by Franklyn Bellamy, and Geoffrey, done with power and fine restraint by Godfrey Tearle. There is not much to the part of the daughter, a thankless and unsatisfactory rôle. Muriel Alexander did all that could be done with it.

A STUDY IN DOMESTIC INFELICITY

TIGER CATS, a tragi-comedy in three acts by Mme. Karen Bramson, is a tense, absorbingly interesting study in domestic infelicity, overwhelming in its fierce hates and emotions and sweeping swiftly to a terrific catastrophe.

The action is dramatic and arresting from the start. We see the library of André Chaumont, a famous author. He is standing, dictating a new book to his secretary, a quiet, lady-like girl. The work in hand—a valuable contribution to the scientific thought of the day—is urgent and of the highest importance. Everything—his reputation, his peace of mind—depends on it being completed within a certain time. But he complains bitterly of frequent interruptions, petty annoyances. His wife doesn't understand——

She comes in—a willowy blonde—tiger-like in her bobbed red hair, yellow-striped shoulders and supple, panther-like walk. Her cruel eyes glitter malevolently under her penciled eyebrows, and the long-pointed nails of her well-manicured, heavily jeweled hands suggest feline claws. Smoking a cigarette, she throws herself on a divan and talks petulantly. She complains of neglect and sneers at the lady secretary. Why has he to be busy all day with silly books? Other men take their wives to the races or the theatre. Why couldn't they go for a spin in the car and dine at a road-house? She's heard of a new dancing place where they cut up something awful. Exasperated, he asks her to leave him in peace, so he can finish his chapter. She refuses to stir, laughs at his annoyance and sighs for a cocktail. Finally, in disgust, she takes herself away and he goes on with his work. A few minutes later she again comes in, this time with a bill for new gowns which she asks him to pay. He refuses. She incurred the debt. She must pay it with her own money. She says she has spent all her money gambling. They fight it out and she again retires, snarling and venomous.

To a friend who comes in André unburdens himself. Matters cannot go on like this. His wife's lack of understanding and sympathy, her follies and extravagances, her selfish callousness is unnerving him, unfitting him for his work, driving him to desperation. He feels that one day she will so enrage him that he will lose control of himself. The friend asks why he does not give her a divorce. He cannot because of their little son. He loves the child. The courts would give his wife control of the boy. For that reason alone divorce is out of the question. But something must be done or he dare not think of what might happen.

Up to now Suzanne, the wife, has confined herself to merely annoying her husband, running into debt, gambling recklessly, flirting outrageously. But so far she has not been unfaithful. Suddenly, however, she resolves to inflict on him the supreme outrage. His continued calmness under the greatest provocation makes her furious. She will see if his indifference is real or assumed. She takes a lover, stays out all night and the next morning, on returning home, tells her husband cynically and brutally that she has dishonored him. Then she starts to taunt him, saying that no woman could love or respect such a man as he. She says she knows he has a mistress. It's quite plain that he prefers his lady secretary to his wife and so on. But if he thinks he's going to get rid of her he's mistaken. She'll hang round his neck in spite of him and drag him down to her own level. He listens at first, bewildered, then with growing anger, until at last her cruel, unjust words goad him to fury. At last the moment he had dreaded has come. This woman is not fit to live. It is either her life or his. Convulsed with passion, hardly knowing what he is doing, he takes a revolver from a drawer and shoots her.

BELASCO TO DO IT HERE

DAVID BELASCO has this play and will produce it shortly at his New York theatre. Robert Loraine, an old favorite with American audiences, will play the husband—a part in which he scored heavily in London—and the part of the wife may be played here by Edith Evans, an English actress new to the American stage, but who is likely to make a furore when she is seen on Broadway. Quite a young woman, she has all the fire of Bernhardt, added to a fine technic and compelling, fascinating personality.

Gray Hair Banished

USE this wonderful new liquid preparation that is highly praised by foremost Fifth Avenue Beauty Salons.

HENALFA RAPIDE

Guaranteed to tint gray or faded hair any shade. Only one application needed. Takes less than five minutes to apply. No previous washing necessary. Will not stain the scalp nor rub off. Leaves hair soft and glossy. Not affected by washing. Every shade. Jet black to Golden Brown. Sent anywhere for $2.10 postpaid. Nothing better at any price. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

B. CLEMENT
Dept. T, 67 W. 49th St. New York, N. Y.
Consultation and booklet free

"Best By Attest"
ORIGINAL ROMEIKE
CLIPPING BUREAU
ESTABLISHED 1881
220 W. NINETEENTH ST., N. Y.
PHONE CHELSEA 8860

Large List New Vaudeville, Acts, Stage Monologs, **PLAYS** New Minstrel Choruses and Novelty Songs, Blackface After-pieces and Crossfire, Musical Comedies and Revues, Musical Readings, Novelty Entertainments, Wigs, Beards, Grease Paints and other Make-up Goods. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE. WRITE NOW.
T. S. Denison & Co., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 70 Chicago

CHINESE GAME
Known in China as
Ma Chiank

Expensive games have been made and imported to sell at extravagant prices.

This fascinating game, instead of being fashioned of costly tiles, is made of heavy cardboard, each piece printed in full colors.

The set consists of:

144 tiles, including the four winds;
8 red counters,
32 yellow "
36 green "
40 blue "
1 booklet of rules and directions,
2 dice,
8 heavy cardboard racks.

A sturdy, attractive set that will give you many hours of enjoyment, at the very low price of

50 cents postpaid

Address: C. L. Pross, Room 1600a, Putnam Bldg., 2 West 45th St., New York.

A MILGRIM GOWN

JUDITH ANDERSON
In "Cobra"
Longacre Theatre

Accenting A-new

THE INDISPUTABLE
INDIVIDUALITY
and
VERSATILITY
of
Sally Milgrim

"AMERICA'S FOREMOST FASHION CREATOR"

GOWNS
FROCKS
SUITS
WRAPS
MILLINERY
FURS

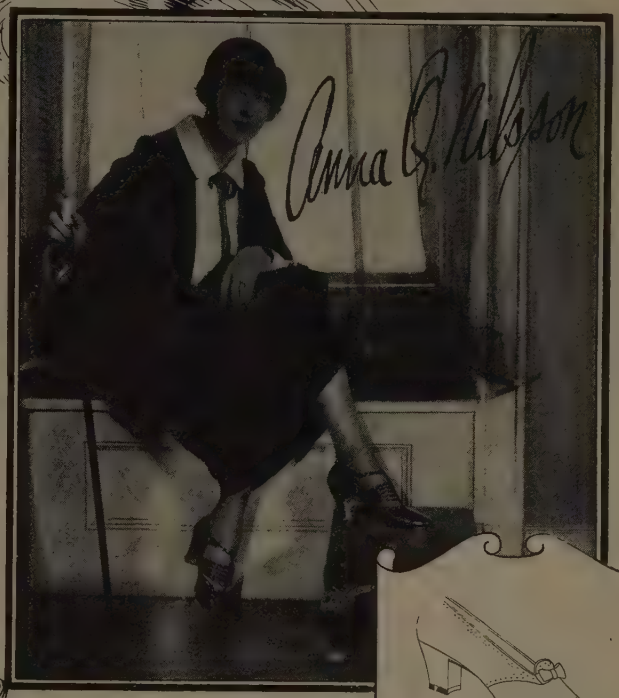
INVARIABLY
The Style
Dominant
AT THE
STORE *of Distinction*
IN *Each City*

MILGRIM

BROADWAY *at* 74*th* ST., NEW YORK
In CHICAGO: 600 Michigan Blvd. South

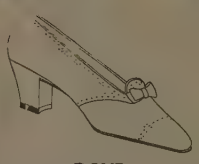
It is not a Milgrim Model Unless it Bears the Milgrim Label

"How delightfully smart" I said



"As I stepped into one of the new Peacock Shoes for Autumn—and I was so charmed that I decided to wear Peacock Models hereafter in my films!"

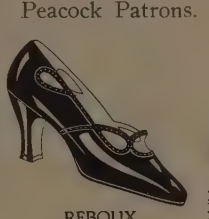
This is the expression of many celebrities who are regular Peacock Patrons.



DOVE

Patent Leather	$9.50
Black Suede	9.50
Black Satin	9.50
Black Calf-skin	9.50

(Either Ribbon or Leather Bow)



REBOUX

Patent Leather	$11.00
Black Satin	11.00
Black Suede. Patent Trim	11.00
Black Velvet. Black Satin Trim	12.00
Black Velvet. Gold Kid Trim	14.00
Silver Brocade. Silver Kid Trim	14.00

MARSY

Patent Leather	$11.50
Black Satin	11.50
Golden Brown Satin	11.50
Black Suede. Patent Trim	12.00
Black Velvet. Black Satin Trim	12.00
Silver Brocade. Silver Kid Trim	14.00

FASHION

Patent Leather. Gold Piping on Bow	$10.00
Black Satin. Gold Piping on Bow	10.00
Black Suede. Black Suede Bow	10.00

LET THE PEACOCK STYLE BOOK BRING FIFTH AVENUE TO YOU

All women of Fashion are not New Yorkers—*but* they keep in touch with this city for their smart styles. In the center of Fashiondom, the Peacock Shop creates those Artistic Shoes that, *months later*, become the Style rage. To get these new creations—write today for the Peacock Style Book for Autumn!

George E. Mueller Pres.

PEACOCK SHOP

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Art in Shoes

Paris GEORGE E. MUELLER, PRESIDENT *New York*
7 West 42nd St. at Fifth Avenue

CUT OFF HERE

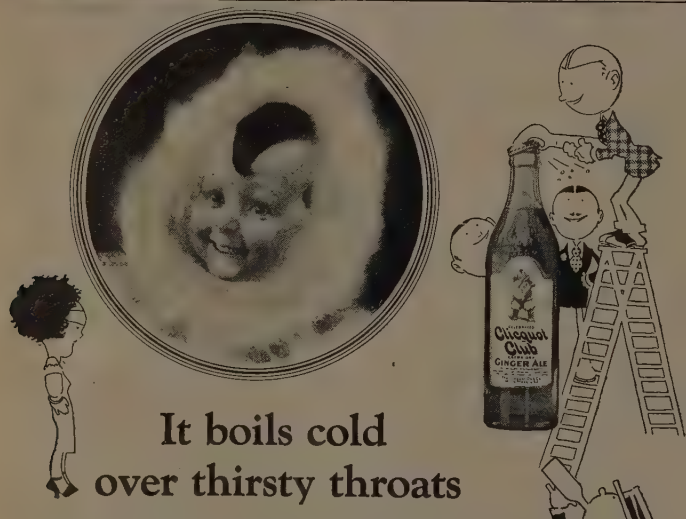
PEACOCK SHOP
7 WEST 42ND ST., N. Y.

Please send at once my Style Book

NAME _____

[T] ADDRESS _____

RICHELIEU PEARLOID VANITIES
ALLURING · DAINTY · IRRESISTIBLE
MOTHER OF PEARL Loveliness
AT ALL STORES
50¢
POSSESS ONE TO TREASURE
$1.00
$1.50
NO METAL TO TARNISH-SANITARY-VERY LIGHT WEIGHT
Intelligently constructed for PRACTICAL and PERMANENT use.
Richelieu Bouquet Face and Rouge Powder are of an Exquisite Fragrance free from injurious ingredients.
$1000.00 IN PRIZES
For Best Snapshot, most artistically posed, holding a Richelieu Pearloid Vanity to be used in our National Advertising Campaign.
PRIZES:
1-First Prize $500.00
1-Second " $250.00
1-Third " $100.00
1-Fourth " $50.00
4-Fifth prizes $25.00
JUDGES:
Arthur S. Somers, Pres. Brooklyn, Chamber of Commerce
Earl Carroll, Earl Carroll Theatre, New York City
E. Linder, Linder Advertising Agency, New York City
Earl T. Shaw, Banker, New York City
Frank Cherry, Cherry Art Service, New York City
Send snapshot only with name and address on reverse side to
JOS. H. MEYER BROS., 389 Fifth Ave., New York City
Contest Closes October 15th
MANUFACTURERS OF PEARLOID AND RICHELIEU PEARLS
Contestants eligible are those possessing a Richelieu Pearloid Vanity prior to August 29th



It boils cold over thirsty throats

Cool as ice with the tang of ginger, Clicquot Club Ginger Ale swirls over thirsty throats in cool little splashes that say sparkle and freshness and ginger tang all at once.

Clicquot Club Ginger Ale is made of pure Jamaica ginger, pure lemon and lime flavorings, and the famous Clicquot spring water carbonated just right! *They all like it.* Order by the case from your grocer, druggist, or confectioner.

The Clicquot Club Company, Millis, Mass., U. S. A.

Clicquot Club
PRONOUNCED KLEE-KO
Ginger Ale

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(*Continued from page* 16)

AS light as the froth on a Charlotte Russe, and not any more substantial, is this new musical comedy by the late Aaron Hoffman. But, to carry the simile to a logical conclusion, while French pastry is not sustaining, it can be very palatable and satisfying. And so with *No Other Girl.* It is fresh and diverting, and satisfies the young Fall hunger for musical entertainment.

As usual, this new musical comedy is plot-less, but the singing is rather good, and the dancing Helen Ford, with her charming lisp and her well-trained voice, has a wistfulness which is appealing. There is much tender pathos in her voice and manner, and she sings the reprise number, "No Other Girl," with much charm and understanding.

Eddie Buzzell, a clever comedian, in the rôle of the lad that woos her, is grotesque in appearance and has the paradoxical comic pathos of the Charlie Chaplin type. His clothes are patched and he is generally considered the village loafer. He loves his little Quaker sweetheart with much tender yearning, and the audience hopes he wins her from the moment he first stumbles across the stage.

A pretty and well-trained chorus and several specialty dancers enliven this innocuous little musical comedy, and Doris Eaton, younger sister of the well-known Mary, and her partner, William Sully, dance their graceful way through it.

The Werewolf

Comedy in three acts from the German of Dr. Rudolph Lothar, by Gladys Unger. Produced by George McClellan at the Forty-ninth Street Theatre on August 25 with this cast: Caterina, Ruth Mitchell; Nina, Gaby Fleury; Vincente, Vincent Serrano; Florencio De Viana, Edwin Nicander; The Priest, Sydney Paxton; Duchess of Capablanca, Laura Hope Crews; Camilla, Marion Coakley; Paolo Moreira, Leslie Howard; Eliphas Leone, Lennox Pawle.

THE cynical theatregoer, hardened as he may be to the ordinary indecencies of a Broadway sex play, gasped at the audacity of this piece. Salacious talk usually heard only in men's smoking dens was here made the general topic of drawing-room conversation. The plot had to do with a sensual duchess. A young professor being wrongfully suspected of assaulting three wenches on her estate, her carnal appetite is aroused and she tries to attract his lusty attentions to herself, only to be deceived at the psychological moment and find herself in the arms of her butler, the real culprit. It is impossible in a family magazine to give any further idea of the situations or dialogue. The production reflected little credit on its sponsors. It was pitiable to see players of reputation wasting their time on such lascivious rubbish.

CINEMA

(*Continued from page* 32)

years that she was a film actress, still we remember amongst our pleasantest screen memories her earliest pictures in which with a skilful and intelligent director her work was of a rare and gratifying order. So it was with genuine pleasure that we learn from Jesse Lasky that Famous Players has signed Miss Ferguson for the screen version of Ferenc Molnar's *The Swan,* in which she will be directed by Dimitri Buchowetzki.

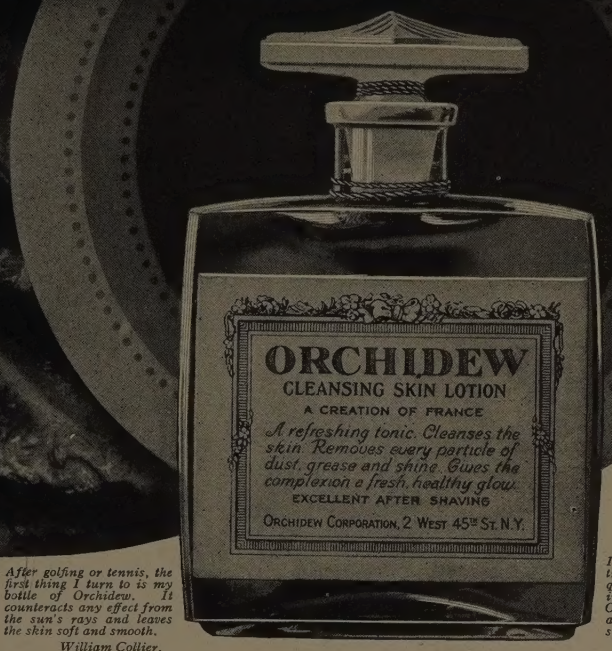
When Famous Players first acquired the screen rights to the play in which Eva La Gallienne starred last season at the Cort Theare, it was generally believed that the part would be relegated to Gloria Swanson, but inasmuch as Gloria has other plans and Famous has long been looking for a rôle suitable to the talents of Miss Ferguson, this will serve to bring the latter back to the silent drama after all too long an absence.

NEW VICTOR RECORDS

We haven't heard Zimbalist for some time, but his records make up for the hiatus. The first is bewitchingly beautiful, a *Spanish Dance* of Sarasate, calling for every resource of the artist. Equally exacting as a display number is a *Humoresque* by York Bowen, a madly capricious piece composed for such skill as Zimbalist's to interpret.

You have heard Tosti's *Good-bye.* Now hear Rosa Ponselle sing it on a new record. It is sung with Ponselle's lyric smoothness and tragic power. On the other side she sings the same composer's lilting serenade, accompanied solely by the harp.

Victor Herbert himself conducted his orchestra for the recording of his *Devotion* and selections from *Sweethearts.* It is his last, but wholly apart from its sentimental interest, makes a record well worth hearing and rehearing.


ORCHIDEW
CLEANSING SKIN LOTION
A CREATION OF FRANCE
A refreshing tonic. Cleanses the skin. Removes every particle of dust, grease and shine. Gives the complexion a fresh, healthy glow.
EXCELLENT AFTER SHAVING
ORCHIDEW CORPORATION, 2 WEST 45TH ST. N.Y.

After golfing or tennis, the first thing I turn to is my bottle of Orchidew. It counteracts any effect from the sun's rays and leaves the skin soft and smooth.
William Collier.

I have found no preparation that combines so many qualities of cleaning, healing and softening as Orchidew. I use it after any day of sport, to remove sun or windburn.
Julia Sanderson.

ORCHIDEW

CLEANSING SKIN LOTION

(Reg. U.S. Pat. Office)

I have given up cold cream for cleansing my face and am substituting instead this wonderful new cleansing preparation, Orchidew.
Claiborne Foster.

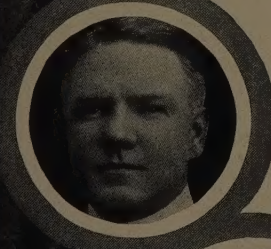
One of the most delightful preparations I have ever used is the new Orchidew. It is so cleansing, healing and soothing to the skin. I keep it on my dressing table both at the theatre and at home.
Gilda Gray

It soothes as it cleans!

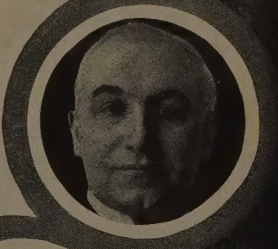
ORCHIDEW is something new—a facial wash that takes the place of soap-and-water or cold cream and does something more—*invigorates the skin.* A towel-end dipped in ORCHIDEW cleans thoroughly and simply. After motoring, dancing, tennis, golfing or any sport; after shaving, ORCHIDEW is delightful. It refreshes on sticky, sultry days—and takes the sting out of sunburn.

For traveling—a bit of antiseptic cotton or Japanese tissue saturated with ORCHIDEW removes every trace of dust and cinders and does away with the unpleasantness of washing one's face in a public basin.

ORCHIDEW, put up in an exquisite bottle, one third larger than the illustration, is $1.50 the bottle. At present it can be purchased only by mail. Write direct to—Orchidew Corporation, 2 West 45th Street, New York.



I have found the new preparation Orchidew to be most excellent for use after shaving.
W. C. Fields.



After shaving, or exposure to sun or wind, I find Orchidew the best healing and cleansing agent I have ever used.
Leon Rothier.

There are lotions galore for cleansing and soothing the skin, after exposure to sunburn and windburn, but at last I have found the one perfect lotion in Orchidew. I use it religiously.
Blanche Yurka.

The basis of any lovely complexion is nothing more or less than perfect cleanliness. For this I have found no preparation so good as the new Orchidew. It permeates the pores of the skin in a truly marvelous fashion and draws out every clogging bit of grease or grime.
Hazel Dawn.

ORCHIDEW CORPORATION,
2 West 45th Street, New York.

Please send me a bottle of ORCHIDEW.

(*) A—I enclose $1.50.

(*) B—Please send me a bottle C.O.D.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

(*) If you wish to avoid delay, send remittance with your order, and cross out line B, otherwise, cross out line A and just sign your name to the coupon and mail to us.

Crème Simon

The Favorite Crème In All France

Crème Simon has demonstrated so completely the wonders it can create, that French women of fashion prefer it to anything else. It brings such a soft, youthful clearness to the skin, and makes the powder blend so smoothly that radiant beauty is easily within reach.

It comes in three convenient sizes—60c to $1.65. It will cost you nothing to prove its miraculous results for yourself.

Also, Poudre Simon—an adherent face powder that is just as good as the Crème

FREE sample tube if you mail this coupon to Maurice Lévy, 120 West 41st Street, New York.

Name_____

Address_____

DO YOU PLAY BRIDGE?

The *Theatre Magazine* has prepared for its readers some "Bridge Pads" printed in two colors. Sent free to any address on receipt of 12 cents for postage.

For Safety's Sake-demand

CARBONA

UNBURNABLE

Cleaning Fluid

REMOVES GREASE SPOTS

Without Injury to Fabric or Color

20¢ 30¢ 60¢ & $1. Size Bottles at all Drug Stores

LABLACHE

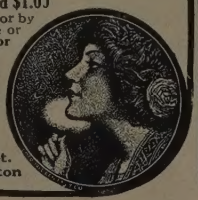
FACE POWDER

Delicate perfume of flowers, faint fragrance of Lablache—one suggests the other. For generations fastidious women have found the dainty, flower-like purity and enduring smoothness of Lablache indispensable.

Two Sizes, 50c and $1.00

Sold Everywhere, or by mail. Flesh, White or Cream. **Send 10c for a sample box.**

Compact Lablache Rouge with puff, in handy size box, **50c.** Orange and Fonce (darker shade).



BEN LEVY CO.

Dept. 53

125 Kingston St.

PARIS Boston

Maybelline

DARKENS and BEAUTIFIES EYELASHES and BROWS INSTANTLY, makes them appear *naturally* dark, long and luxuriant. Adds wonderful charm, beauty and expression to any face. Perfectly harmless. Used by millions of lovely women. BLACK or BROWN, obtainable in solid cake form or waterproof liquid. 75c *at your dealer's* or direct postpaid.

MAYBELLINE CO. CHICAGO

Mailing Lists

Will help you increase sales Send for FREE catalog giving counts and prices on thousands of classified names of your best prospective customers—National, State and Local—Individuals, Professions, Business Concerns.

99% Guaranteed by refund of 5¢ each

ROSS-Gould Co. 313 N. 10th St. **St. Louis**

VALUE OF HIGH SCHOOL DRAMATICS

(*Continued from page* 41)

lines, beautifully recited or sung—and much of the original music of 1634 is extant. I have heard it many times.

The trouble with this method of studying plays (at least) is that it mistreats a work of art, a specimen of the drama, the form of art called by many critics the highest form of all human art. It is a mistake to treat a work of dramatic art in any other manner than as a work of dramatic art.

If teacher and pupils conscientiously study drama as drama, they will with no other effort than this one obtain the second great benefit—the development of the imaginative power through the exercise of the visualizing faculty. So-called visual education is making large claims for itself just now, but the other aspect of visual education, the training within the self of the imaginative power must not be disregarded.

Reading plays *properly* is keen intellectual and imaginative exercise. It is not an easy pastime at first. It has its own technique; it makes its peculiar demands. The novelist tells his reader almost everything he needs to know, even the thoughts and feelings of his characters. The dramatist can tell only a little of all that, yet his characters are usually more alive than those of the story-teller. The dramatist makes a greater demand upon his visualizing readers, but would educated persons because of that more exacting demand relinquish drama even as a form of reading? Would you rather have Mr. Bernard Shaw's *Saint Joan* as a novel than a play, or Mr. John Galsworthy's *Loyalties*, or Mr. John Drinkwater's *Abraham Lincoln?*

It may be difficult (it is) to induce pupils to read plays recreatively, but the gains in educative training and in literary appreciation are so great that no teacher fails to try. While the intellectual factors involved in school study of drama are likely to be emphasized, we must not overlook two others—the sympathetic and the emotional. No person can read a play recreatively without entering wholeheartedly into the dispositions and natures of some of the persons. This glow of fellow-feeling, of partnership, is a decided advantage which accrues to the pupil from the acquaintance with plays. This sympathetic response to certain characters does occur in reading fiction, but seldom to the same poignant degree, because dramatic characters are more vivid and more vital, and because as a drama is shorter than a novel, the boy or girl is caught up in the movement of the story. Not all emotional reactions are sympathetic. Repulsions and repugnances are as helpful to the maturing pupil; these emotional impulses are actual life experiences obtained from a form of art. (An erudite critic would trace this directly back to Aristotle's *Poetics*, with its catharsis of tragic fear and pity.)

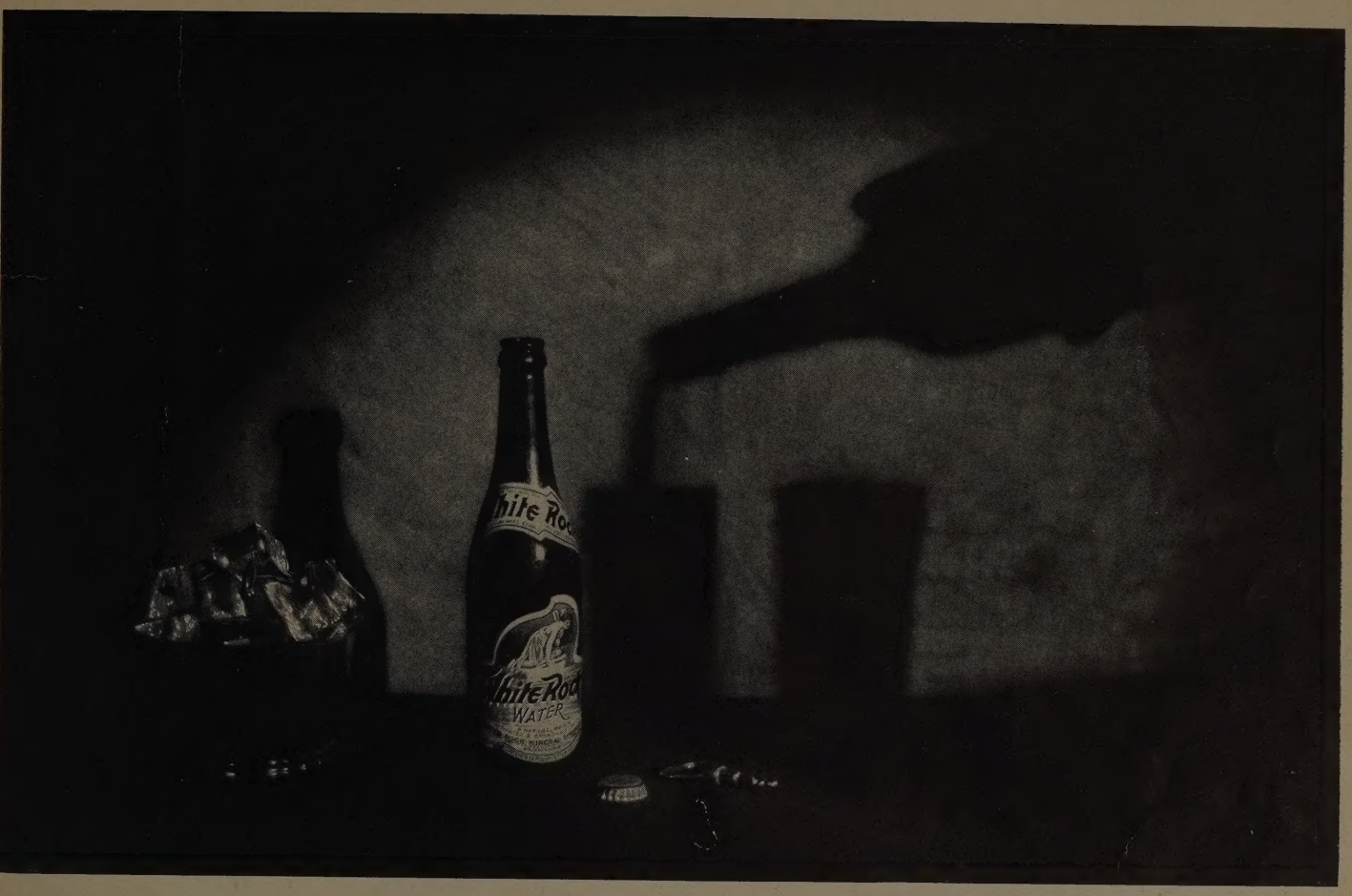
THE VALUE OF VISUALIZATION

WHEN all is said and done about the printed play, however, it may all be summed up by a paradox: The play you have been studying is not a play at all. In reality, it's a lifeless thing, while a play is a living thing. A sheet of music lying on the piano is not yet a song; musician, instrument and singer must combine in performance to bring the song into existence. A printed drama is merely the book of the play.

From this book of the play the drama must be produced (notice how pat the actual theatrical term is) either before the imaginative eye of the students or before their physical eyes. Study of drama must begin with the text of the play itself; careful, stimulating and exacting investigation, until the drama begins to live or lives completely. Notice how much supplementary material may be levied for drama study; stage settings offer opportunities for research, costumes insist upon drawing and coloring, ancient times and distant lands introduce archeology and architecture, history and sociology. All these phases of investigation may aid even while the study of drama has progressed no further than the book of the play.

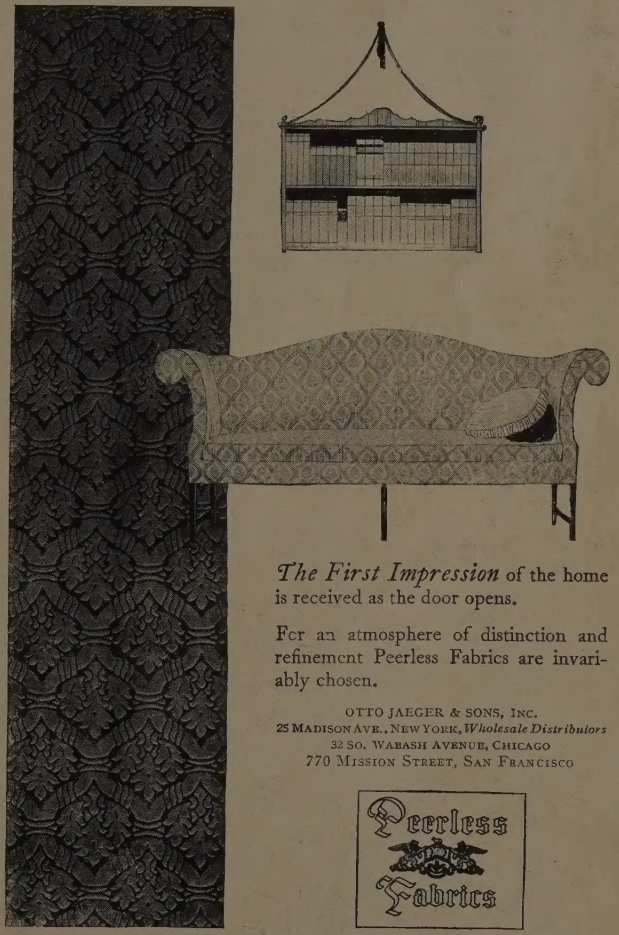
When a high-school class studies a great drama, it should be possible to transfer the play from the book to the stage. Every person familiar with school conditions realizes that this may not be feasible at all times, but it is an ideal toward which teachers and administrators may be continually striving. Parts of the ideal may be attained at stages along the effort for the entirety. In the boys' high school in Montreal I saw a class realizing one of these parts of the ideal culmination of study. All of *Macbeth* could not be produced upon a stage before an audience, but each important scene before it was considered finished had some kind of presentation before the class, so that those sections of the play were treated as actual drama. The exercises were elementary, it is true; but after several discussions those boys knew that *Macbeth* was not merely printed lines of blank verse upon a white page; they knew that *Macbeth* was a succession of actions and reactions among several persons, all of whom behaved and spoke as human beings. They were absorbing drama from definite persons who expressed themselves, not from vitiated abstractions on the printed page.

The same principle of production with any Shakespeare play may be carried as far as time and school conditions permit. The wonder is how pupils can be prevented from acting out their rôles. When an entire play cannot be presented, excerpts can be produced. It is easy to choose from



To Reveal Hair Loveliness

Beautiful hair is healthy hair—well nourished, vital, brilliant. Packer's Liquid Shampoo is made for the woman who wishes to maintain her hair at its best, to give it the help of regular and safe shampoos. In large bottles at all Drug and Department Stores.



The First Impression of the home is received as the door opens.

For an atmosphere of distinction and refinement Peerless Fabrics are invariably chosen.

OTTO JAEGER & SONS, INC.
25 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, *Wholesale Distributors*
32 SO. WABASH AVENUE, CHICAGO
770 MISSION STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

Peerless Fabrics

SCHOOLS

SCHOOLS

NED WAYBURN

"The man who staged the best editions of the Follies and 500 other Revues, Musical Comedies and Vaudeville Acts"

Complete Courses in All Types of DANCING

For Health, Beauty and Grace. . . . for Amateur Theatricals. . . . for Private Home Entertainments

Private Lessons or Classes for Adults or Children
Special Advanced Instruction for Teachers
Children's Classes Saturday Mornings

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT
Devoted to the Staging of Amateur Performances, supplies everything required including Scenery, Costumes, Lighting Effects, Music, etc.

NED WAYBURN
Studios of Stage Dancing, Inc.

Art Booklet "A" sent on request

1841 Broadway (Entrance on 60th St.) New York City · *Phone Columbus 3500*
Open 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. [except Saturday evenings and Sundays]

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS

Founded 1884 by
FRANKLIN H. SARGENT

Board of Trustees:
Daniel Frohman Augustus Thomas
John Drew Benjamin F. Roeder

The Leading Institution in America for Dramatic Art and Expressional Training

Fully equips for
ACTING, TEACHING, DIRECTING

Develops Poise, Power, Personality for any vocation in life

New Fall Class enrolling for October 27th

Also Extension Dramatic Courses in Co-operation with
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Catalogue describing all courses from Room 172-V
CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK

MASTER INSTITUTE OF UNITED ARTS

MUSIC—PAINTING—SCULPTURE
ARCHITECTURE—OPERA CLASS
BALLET DRAMA—LECTURES

NEW COURSES BEGIN OCTOBER IN

Dramatic Training, Ballet, Theater Decoration, Diction, Every branch of Music and all other Arts.

All General Lectures, Exhibitions and Concerts Free to Enrolled Students

310 Riverside Drive New York, N. Y.

ALVIENE SCHOOL of THEATRE ARTS

DRAMA OPERA SPEECH
STAGE DANCING
PHOTOPLAY SINGING

The success of Alviene graduates is due to masterful instruction, plus theatre experience while learning, introducing students to New York audiences, plus an eminent faculty, including Rose Coghlan, of Peg Woffington fame; Roy Cochran, late with Ethel and John Barrymore's Claire de Lune Co., and Claude M. Alviene, who has taught Mary Pickford, Laurette Taylor, Eleanor Painter, Taylor Holmes, Dorothy Jardon, Mary Nash, Florence Nash, Fred and Adele Astaire, Evelyn Law, Dolly Sisters and others. For information write which study is desired to SECRETARY.
43 West 72nd St. (Ext. 24). New York

EST. 1894

INTER-THEATRE ARTS SCHOOL OF ACTING AND PRODUCTION

The course includes practical training in acting, pantomime, diction, scenery, costumes, stage lighting, and public performances.

WINTER TERM — OCTOBER 30, 1924, To MAY 2, 1925

Also special evening classes in these subjects and a course in co-operation with the College of the City of New York.

For terms and catalog address
Inter-Theatre Arts, Inc.
42 Commerce St. New York

SCHOOL of the THEATRE

Threshold Playhouse

DIRECTORS

CLARE TREE MAJOR FRANK CRAVEN
WALTER HAMPDEN ELSIE FERGUSON
GEORGE ARLISS RACHEL CROTHERS

Students play seven times weekly for six months before graduation—Professional Directors Only—Scenic Design — Production —Dancing — Fencing — Pantomime—Voice Development—Shakespearean Reading— Playwriting, etc. — Special evening classes for students employed during the day.
Fall Term Opens October 6th.
Registration Limited.

Write for Catalog to the Director.

CLARE TREE MAJOR
1230 Fifth Avenue New York City

PERFECT FRENCH

for the layman, as well as those in the Profession, acquired by conversing and reading with a Parisian lady.

M. J., c/o Theatre Magazine
2 West 45th Street New York

YOUR PLAY

may be rejected because of weaknesses which intelligent consultation and criticism could remedy. A splendid theme indifferently handled is doomed beforehand. Further inquiry will be profitable.

RICE DE WITT
(forwarding address)
Congress Lake Country Club
Hartville, Ohio

The Schools On This Page

Each of the schools represented here offer their own special inducements to students with varied objectives and ambitions.
If you aspire to become a stage director there is a school here that will fit you for that career.
If your talents run to the mechanics of the theatre and play production, to acting, dancing or any of the allied arts of the theatre, you will find open sesame to the achievement of your ambitions in one of the schools represented on this page.
Write them for their literature. It will be sent to you for the asking, and if you need any further information, write to

Theatre Magazine
2 West 45th Street New York

the "classic" examples; but every good play offers sections: The cabinet meetings in *Abraham Lincoln,* the discussion of peculiarities of speech in *Pygmalion,* the satire on soldiers in *Arms and the Man,* the praise of housekeeping in *The Romantic Age,* the delineation of Scotch canniness in *What Every Woman Knows.*

The intention of some kind of presentation should be in the mind of every teacher from the beginning of the study of every play.

The most lasting benefits would result from this kind of production. As soon as the play is started in class, preparations should be inaugurated for an actual stage performance of the drama under the best conditions obtainable. This would mean that while the text of the play is being mastered, sketches for scenery and costumes are being made by talented pupils or by special departments. As study progresses, preparation and discussion should more and more center upon the rehearsal of scenes. (Many schools do conduct such exercises under the general term "dramatization.") Conditions should have to determine just how far the preparations should be carried toward finished performance. Pupil enthusiasm will always carry them as far as they are permitted to go. There may be valid reasons against a performance before an audience, but there seems to be no reason why under the most unfavorable circumstances some scenes of a play should not be acted at least before the class. One of the best ways of reviewing a play as play is to have the pupils memorize scenes from it and present these in sequence before the section.

So far I have considered only the educational aspect of dramatics in high school. The public entertainment and the money-raising aspects are enormous in the efforts involved and the results obtained.

THE NEED FOR ADEQUATE STAGES

THE chief deterrents to the adequate exploitation of dramatic possibilities in high schools are mainly two—lack of time on the part of enthusiastic teachers and lack of proper physical facilities. Thousands of school systems are allowing in time for the valuable services of dramatic directors; countless buildings are provided with more than the shelves or music shells upon which attempts were made formerly to produce good plays. It has taken many years to prove that the space designed for a play can be used for every other purpose to which it will have to be put, but a lecture platform or music shell cannot be used for much besides what it was intended. Building codes and fire laws relieve architects of some of the blame for contraptions they have placed in school auditoriums and labeled "stage," but they do not remove all. Why will designers have a beautiful level floor space, stage high, from side wall to side wall, then ruin it by putting in two sloping side walls to mark the stage space? Or why will they build the actual stage at one level and all off-stage space three steps below it? Or why will they make the ceiling far above the stage so smooth and hard that not even a fly can get a purchase upon it? Iron beams crossing this ceiling would be exactly what is needed for supporting draperies, borders, lights, cyclorama and scenery. Why are these steel beams neatly encased in concrete and finished like a street curbing? Why are immovable lights dropped sixteen feet from stage ceilings to remain forever, in spite of medieval donjon and faerie isle?

The reason for all these and a myriad others is that there has not been yet a universally adequate recognition of the educating and stimulating power of the drama in our educational institutions.

NEW BRUNSWICK RECORDS

Theo Karle, the ever-popular concert tenor, presents *Sometime You'll Remember,* with violin obbligato by Fredric Fradkin, and *The Kingdom Within Your Eyes,* with orchestral accompaniment, as a double-faced record. Steadily does Theo Karle grow in spontaneity of style and in the charm of his smooth and appealing tenor voice. In these two songs—both of which have a popular character—one hears the words which tell stories of love and feels the quality which stirs the emotions. There is always in a Karle high note the satisfaction of ease and delightful clarity.

EDWARD LANGER PRINTING CO., INC.,
JAMAICA, NEW YORK CITY.